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AND RECORD OF UNIVERSITY, ECCLESIASTICAL, EDUCATIONAL, SOCIAL, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

No. 179 (2339).—VOL. VII. NEW SERIES.] LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1861.

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The Proprietors of the LITERARY GAZETTE have to announce that the price of their Journal is now reduced to Three pence unstamped and Four pence stamped. A desire to give the public the full benefit of the Abolition of the Paper Duty has actuated them in this step; and they may further say that the reduction is genuine, and not, as in so many other cases, a mere sham, where the lowering of price has been followed by a corresponding deterioration of quality both in paper and in matter. There will be no change in the LITERARY GAZETTE in either of these points, so that the public will derive a bona-fide advantage.

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Mr. Joseph Green, of 14, Charles Street, Middlesex Hospital, will take charge of any works sent to him to forward. Parties willing to contribute, are requested to communicate particulars to the Honorary Secretary as early as possible, as it is desirable to ascertain the extent of the proposed Exhibition, and what space will be required.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOV. 30, 1861.

REVIEWS.

THE LIVES OF ENGINEERS.*

THE "All-Hallow E'en Summer" of publishers has come after the dearth of the long vacation, and advertisements of new books re-appear with the return of the lawyers. *Redeunt Saturnia regna*, we may say, for our reviewers' craft was in jeopardy of extinction, owing to the American war, the prospect of the drawback on paper, and the flood of cheap publications, which disincline buyers for more costly volumes of a superior class, and are too "small deer" to quarry on. Happily for us, the publishers' lists do not contain many books of the mammoth size attained by the volumes of Mr. Smiles, now lying before us, "very whales among the minnows," and appalling from their bulky proportions. Many years since, an instalment on a similar subject to that of *Lives of Engineers* was given to the world by Mr. Knight, under the taking title of *The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties*, and we have long been in expectation of seeing the idea carried out in fuller dimensions. Long looked for, it has come at last, in a somewhat cumbrous, yet in a very readable form. More costly or luxurious volumes have seldom issued from the press in these degenerate days, with their dainty and beautifully finished engravings, hot-pressed leaves, widely-spaced print, and broad margins; and, we must add, neither the expense of production nor the labour of compilation, for the most part from original and manuscript sources, has been thrown away. The work deserves, and doubtless will obtain a large circulation, and give an increase of reputation to the name of its industrious author; for the subject is not only one of national interest, but has been treated with care and thought and considerable skill, in a flowing and agreeable style.

The book opens with a clever sketch of the progress of engineering from the earliest period in England in the present day:—

"Skilled industry [as Mr. Smiles observes] appears to have been among the very youngest outgrowths of our national life. Our first cloth-workers, silk-weavers, and lace-makers were French and Flemish refugees. The brothers Elers, Dutchmen, began the pottery manufacture; Spellman, a German, erected the first paper mill, at Dartford; and Boomen, a Dutchman, brought the first coach into England. . . . Our first ships were built by Danes or Genoese. . . . Our first lessons in mechanical and civil engineering were principally obtained from Dutchmen, who supplied us with our first windmills, watermills, and pumping-engines. Holland even sent us the necessary labourers to execute our first great works of drainage. . . . The art of bridge-building had sunk so low in England about the middle of the last century, that we were under the necessity of employing the Swiss engineer Labeyle to build Westminster Bridge. At a time when Holland had completed its magnificent system of intercommunication, and when France, Germany, and even Russia, had opened up important lines of inland navigation, England had not cut a single canal, while our roads were about the worst in Europe. . . . After the lapse of a century we find the state of things has become entirely reversed. Instead of borrowing engineers from abroad, we now send them to all parts of the world."

The British aborigines, if they cowered in

pit-holes, walked, like our first parents, in skins, and painted their bodies with ochre or blue lines, as their daughters in modern times crimson their cheeks with less innocent rouge, were capable of transporting to their place the huge blocks which form the circle of Stonehenge, of erecting cyclopean bridges like those thrown over the Dart and the Teign, and of piling mounds as high as small hills. Shepherds and huntsmen as they were, they were compelled to retreat before the advance of those Frisian and Belgian colonists, who not only were tillers of the soil, but brought their dearly-purchased experience in their own country, and applied it to forming the sea-walls which bank out the waves from the now fertile district of Romney (the broad island) marsh, then a series of islets, and the dykes which enclose the Thames within its proper limits; for it was then a broad estuary, with the tides flowing over the lowlands of Essex and Kent, across Southwark and Lambeth, where the old name of Bankside is a memorial of the fact. "It may not be generally known," says Mr. Smiles, "but it is nevertheless true that the Thames is an artificial river almost from Richmond to the sea." The marshes to the east of Greenwich were reclaimed by Italians in the reign of Henry VIII., and Cornelius Vermuyden recovered the rich lands lying along the southern boundary of Essex. The Romans, of whom the Britons complained that they wore out their hands and bodies in banking the Fens, constructed the great Carr (Fen) dyke, extending from the Nene to the Witham, and formed causeways of gravel across the Fens for military purposes; while the district known as Marshland and South Holland, upon the shores of the Wash, were also reclaimed by them.

In the Middle Ages the monks were the principal engineers. Abbot Graylock built the fosse which bears his name over Sedgemoor, and his dykes or rhines threw Monmouth's army into confusion. The Abbeys of Ely, Ramsey, Thorney, Crowland, and Spinney rose in the midst of the great level of the Fens, the Dismal Swamp of the period. "The Bailiff of Marshland" was an 'alias' for miasma and ague, and the poor crippled victims appeared to Guthlac as so many demons,—a much more probable solution of the hermit's extravagant description of their ugliness and ill manners than Mr. Smiles's suggestion that he had been suffering from a nightmare. So difficult of access was Crowland for horses, or indeed any mode of transit except by boats, that it was said "waggons which would come to it must be shod with silver." The proverb of "Cambridgeshire camels" was doubtless derived from the custom of the peasants, who walked across the morasses upon stilts, a mode of locomotion still common in Les Landes. Causeways leading to Ramsey, from Soham to Ely, and between Deeping and Spalding, were constructed for foot-passengers by the monks; and Morton's Leam, reaching from the neighbourhood of Peterborough to Wisbeach, is the monument of skill of a Bishop of Ely, who was the first to introduce the practice of making straight cuts and artificial rivers for the purposes of drainage. Mr. Smiles states that Mr. Smeaton's plan for carrying out similar works would have proved ineffectual; and it was reserved for Mr. Rennie, after many previous abortive attempts, to recommend the use of the steam-engine in place of windmills, and by a comprehensive system of works, to effect the marvellous transformation of the worthless swamps of Lincoln and Cambridge into lands of immense value. It was well said of him that he was the "greatest slayer of dragons that ever lived," the title given in the Fen country to those who,

perfecting the drainage, remove the causes of disease, typified by dragons, or destroyers. Mr. Smiles gives an interesting list of bridges built by the monks in Scotland, but fails to give instances of far more numerous examples erected by abbots and bishops in England.

In the history of the drainage of the Fens, the story of Sir Cornelius Vermuyden is a sorrowful episode. He committed errors of judgment in banking out the Don, and, Dutchman as he was, thought rather of building back the river and the ocean, than of providing a ready outfall to the sea of the vast body of fresh water falling upon, as well as flowing through, the Fens. The ignorant Fen-men burned all the stations of his labourers; the Lincoln Committee of Parliamentarians broke up his dykes and inundated his newly-reclaimed Fens to stop the advance of the Royalists; and Cromwell, then member for Huntingdon, to ingratiate himself with his opponents, opposed his schemes, and was hailed "lord of the Fens." Undaunted and undismayed, he continued his labours, and to carry them on, sold every acre of the lands he had reclaimed; and it is supposed that he died abroad a poor broken-down old man, while strangers inherited that which he had owned and recovered. But his name will ever be held in esteem, for he promoted the system which has resulted in converting six hundred and eighty thousand acres of the most fertile land in England from a waste into a fruitful plain. Captain Perry, who formed Dagenham Bank, was no more fortunate. He had to fly for his life out of Russia, after having constructed a dockyard for the Czar Peter; and he did not receive in England a farthing's remuneration for five years of intense anxiety and labour.

The water-supply of London in the Middle Ages was provided by sixteen conduits; but Mr. Smiles is apparently ignorant of the fact that the monks of Westminster supplied their lavatories from a stream conducted through wooden pipes from their estate at Paddington. Water was precious in those days; and when W. Campion in 1478 cunningly tapped a conduit and supplied his own well to the detriment of his neighbours, he was summarily hoisted upon a horse and paraded through the streets, with a vessel like the urn of the Danaids placed upon his head, which was constantly refilled and as constantly emptied itself upon the offender, and so performed the duty of a modern water-cart to the streets. Conduits, however, failed in time, water-carriers were exorbitant, and even Peter Morrice's pumping engine on the Thames, which forced water through leaden pipes, was inefficient to supply the town, when Sir Hugh Myddelton came to the rescue of thirsty Londoners, and completed the New River scheme, at a cost of more than £17,000, half of which was supplied by James I., who, despite landowners and occupiers, supported him in the same spirit which had induced him to promote the drainage of the Fens; for, said he, "I will not suffer the waters to retain their dominion over the land, which skill and labour may reclaim for human uses." Singularly enough, King James nearly lost his life by a fall into the New River, and was only dragged out, when half-drowned, by the heels. Myddelton failed in his embankment of Braiding Harbour, but realized considerable profit by working his Welsh mines, and "towards the close of his life was an eminently prosperous man," for the story that he died in poverty is a mere fable.

The early stone "trackways" on the downs of Wiltshire, the moors of Devonshire, and the wolds of Yorkshire, formed the causeways by which the British tribes travelled from

* *The Lives of Engineers; with an Account of their Principal Works, comprising also a History of Inland Communication in England.* Vols. I. and II. By Samuel Smiles. (Murray.)

village to village; two of the more remarkable of these causeways, formed of huge blocks of stone, exist as far apart as at Cockmill Wood, near Whitby, and upon Dartmoor. The present names of towns, such as the Stratfords and Le Streets, and Mr. Smiles might have added Stanfords, denote the fact that they bordered the raised military roadways of the Romans, running direct between their stations, in which level does not seem to have been of consequence in comparison with directness. Even to comparatively recent times the older roads were wholly unenclosed, or formed lanes and "hollow-ways," the name of which, at least, still survives in the suburbs of many towns to this day. Those who are curious to see a relic of a road used by Queen Elizabeth when passing between her palaces at Eltham and Greenwich, may be gratified by traversing "Muddy Lane," a little to the north of Merden College, Blackheath. In many parts beacons were erected to guide travellers, just as now posts mark the dangerous spots of morass in the New Forest; and on Lincoln Heath the Dunstan pillar still stands, which was used as a mark to wayfarers by day and as a beacon by night. The lanterns of All Saints, York, and Boston, and the iron cage on Hadley church tower, were used for a similar purpose; and Stow mentions that lanterns were hung on the steeple of Bow Church, to direct travellers on their way to London.

We regret to observe a very inaccurate view of the Roman Pharos in Dover Castle, which Mr. Smiles should have compared with Caligula's lighthouse at Boulogne, and erroneously states to have been designed to guide ships to Richborough, whereas there was a Roman port at Dover, and a corresponding tower formerly stood on the western heights. He mentions that a light was hung out from the Ypres tower at Rye, but might have added that a beacon, to rouse the inhabitants in case of invasion, was kindled in the old oak-tree still remaining in the neighbouring churchyard of Playden. The first light in the Channel was erected by the Trinity Board on Dungeness Point, in the reign of James I. Mr. Smiles adds, that one of the first stone piers made in the British Channel was that formed by the Cobb at Lyme Regis in the reign of Queen Mary, and the workmen employed on it were impressed for service at Dover. Our space will not permit us to refer to ferries, although Mr. Smiles has collected with his usual research some interesting anecdotes with respect to them, one of which relates the fact that in 1817 Sir Fowell Buxton lay tossing for two days and two nights in the sailing packet which plied between Dover and Calais.

To this day "parish and cross roads are maintained on the principle of Mary's Act, though the compulsory labour has since been commuted into a compulsory tax." A muddy lane in the Civil Wars caused eight hundred Royalist cavalry to be taken prisoners at once. In London the state of the roads was no better, for the carriage of Queen Caroline could not in bad weather be dragged from St. James's Palace to Kensington in less than two hours, as it occasionally stuck fast in a rut, or was even overthrown into the mud.

Queen Elizabeth piteously detailed to the French Ambassador the result which befell her royal person from her first ride in her new coach, which was little better than a cart without springs. Like her lieges, she preferred to ride on a pillion; but in her case it was behind her Lord Chancellor when she visited the city. In the following century stage-coaches were usually laid up in winter time, and the journey to York, Chester, and Exeter, from London,

was made in five days; the Chester stage a century ago occupied six days on the road; in fact, many persons, like Dr. Johnson on his marriage-day, and Watt proceeding on business from Glasgow to London, found a horse to be the most expeditious means of travelling; while the "riders," or commercial men, carried their samples in bags at their saddle-bow, and hence their appellation of bagmen. Lanes perpetuate the remembrance of another disagreeable incident of the road,—the highwaymen, Macheath, Turpin, Duval, and Maclean, who eased gentlemen of their purses on the road; while less prosperous rogues did the same office by passengers of mark in Piccadilly and near Hyde Park, including the Lords Albe-Marle and Eglington, and delicate Horace Walpole. The danger had been provided against in the Middle Ages by felling the trees along the roadsides.

The pack-horse convoys, proceeding in one long line with tinkling bells over bridge paths, carried merchandise, and even passengers. "Miles of slough, or an unbridged river between two parishes, were greater impediments to intercourse than the Atlantic Ocean now is between England and America." Hawkers, pedlars, and packmen, besides supplementing the fairs, then the only markets open to remote districts, were the ordinary newsmen, for the intelligence of Cromwell's assumption of the Protectorate did not reach Bridgewater until nineteen days after the event. We are happy, by the way, to inform Mr. Smiles that the infamous Portsdown Hill Fair, of which he speaks so delicately, is a thing of the past; and would remind him, in a new edition, to mention the Pilgrims' Path to Canterbury, which still runs under the hills of Boxley, with the station-churches placed at convenient intervals.

The late Lord Campbell informs us, that when he came to London from Edinburgh, he performed the journey in Palmer's mail-coach in three nights and two days, and "was gravely advised to stay a day at York, as several persons who had gone through without stopping had died of apoplexy from the rapidity of the motion." In the middle of the last century it was necessary to enforce turn-pike and highway legislation against rioters, by the presence of soldiers to protect the toll-bars along the great north road and in other places, which were regarded, by ignorant country-folks, as a tax upon their freedom of movement from place to place. It was long before the age of Macadam that the first regular maker of roads appeared; he was not an engineer, or even a mechanic, but John Metcalfe, "Blind Jack of Knaresborough," who was not only blind, but had been bred to no trade; yet he acted as guide, soldier, chapman, fish-dealer, horse-dealer, and waggoner, and rode boldly as a huntsman; as a jockey he cleverly won a race, having ingeniously procured all the dinner-bells from the hotels at Harrogate, and set men to ring them at the several posts, so that the sound directed him.

Whilst several of the ancient and very remarkable British bridges remain laid across the streams of Dartmoor, we have no specimen of the Roman art of bridge-building; but Mr. Smiles falls into an error with respect to Croyland bridge, which he calls "the first arched bridge of stone erected in England," and adds "this curious structure is referred to in an ancient charter of the year 943." The present bridge was certainly built during the latter part of the fourteenth century, and the charter to which he alludes is regarded as apocryphal. Mr. Smiles wholly omits any mention of the ancient bridges still existing, in part or entire,

at Lincoln and Durham, although of far earlier date than those which he enumerates; and, in allusion to the tradition that William of Egles-hayle built the piers of Wade bridge on "packs of wool," he gravely adds "the expedient could not possibly have answered the purpose" (of securing the foundations), where the meaning of the proverb of course is, that he raised it by means of a tax on wool. We must also demur to his derivation of Overy from "of the ferry," and his assertion that "St. Bartholomew's town afterwards became known as Botolph's town, and was finally shrunk into Boston." How could he possibly think that Botolph was the abbreviation of Bartholomew? and Overy means simply "over the water," as Stow would have told him. About the middle of the last century, William Edwards, a humble mason, as persevering as Bruce's spider, three times rebuilt his famous "rainbow bridge" of Pont-y-Pridd, in which he introduced the ingenious expedient of three cylindrical tunnels in the masonry to relieve the severe thrust upon the haunches, which was afterwards employed by Smeaton. Milne first introduced the principle of the elliptic arch in Blackfriars Bridge.

Engineers and architects were poorly remunerated until a recent period. Inigo Jones received eight shillings and fourpence a day, Sir Christopher Wren received £200 a year, and James Brindley's wages were one guinea a week whilst constructing the Bridgewater Canal, which cost £200,000. Brindley's aqueduct at Barton was the first undertaking of the kind in England, and when it was first designed, an eminent engineer, probably Smeaton, pronounced the project to be a "castle in the air." Brindley was distinctively a self-taught genius, could scarcely read, and wrote with difficulty and inaccurately; like the father of Tristram Shandy, his bed was his chamber of counsel, and in cases of difficulty he lay in it for days together, a fact he carefully entered into his notebook. Uneducated as he was, he could advise, when lying actually on his death-bed, with the triple reiteration of Demosthenes, as he told his workmen to solve the problem of making a canal hold water: "Puddle it." They explained that they had done so.—"Then puddle it again and again." When he appeared before a committee of the House of Commons, being unable to furnish a model of an aqueduct, he gave an illustration of his design by means of two halves of a cheese and a flat ruler, and with a lump of clay and a glass of water exhibited his method of "puddling," while he explained to a committee of Lords the principle of the lock by a diagram drawn on the floor of the room with a piece of chalk. "Pray, Mr. Brindley," he was asked by a member, "what, then, do you think is the use of navigable rivers?" "To make canal navigation, to be sure," was his instant reply; meaning, that they could furnish a supply of water for canals. There is an amusing anecdote of this quaint good-humoured man reassuring his noble employer, as they sat smoking their pipes in a little public-house, when the Duke's funds and credit were exhausted; "Don't mind, Duke, don't be cast down, we are sure to succeed after all;" and succeed he did, as the extraordinary growth of Manchester, which was the result of his enterprise, is the existing proof. Mr. Smiles furnishes a graphic notice of the Duke:—

"The seclusion which his early disappointment in love had first driven him to, at length grew into a habit. He lived wifeless, and died childless. He would not even allow a woman-servant to wait upon him. In person he was large and corpulent, and the slim youth on whom the bet had been laid that he

would be blown off his horse when riding the race in Trentham Park so many years before, had grown into a bulky and unwieldy man. His features strikingly resemble those of George III. and other members of the royal family. He dressed carelessly, and usually wore a suit of brown, something of the cut of Dr. Johnson's—with dark drab breeches, fastened at the knee with silver buckles. At dinner he rejected, with a kind of antipathy, all poultry, veal, and such like, calling them 'white-meats,' and wondered that everybody, like himself, did not prefer brown. He was a great smoker, and smoked far more than he talked. Smoking was his principal evening's occupation, when Brindley and Gilbert were pondering with him over the difficulty of raising funds to complete the navigation, and the Duke continued his solitary enjoyment through life. One of the droll habits to which he was addicted was that of rushing out of the room every five minutes, with the pipe in his mouth, to look at the barometer. Out of doors he snuffed, and he would pull huge pinches out of his right waistcoat-pocket and thrust the powder up his nose, accompanying the operation with sundry strong, short snorts. He would have neither conservatory, pinery, flower-garden, nor shrubbery at Worsley; and once, on his return from London, finding some flowers which had been planted in his absence, he whipped their heads off with his cane, and ordered them to be rooted up. The only new things introduced about the place were some Turkey oaks, with which his character seemed to have more sympathy. But he took a sudden fancy for pictures, and with his almost boundless means, the purchase of pictures was easy. Fortunately, he was well advised as to the paintings selected by him, and the numerous fine works of art which were pouring into the country at the time, occasioned by the disturbances prevailing on the Continent, enabled him to lay the foundation of the famous Bridgewater Gallery, now reckoned to be one of the finest private collections in Europe. At his death in 1803, its value was estimated at not less than £150,000."

Rennie thought and lived for mechanics; his canals, the improvement of silk-throwing machinery, of the steam-engine, and his arrangements to economize power in the pumping of water from drained mines, formed his amusement; and he even refused an invitation from the King of France, saying, "I will have no journeys to foreign countries unless to be employed in surpassing all that has already been done in them." A damp bed in the inn at Iptstone produced a disease which carried off this great man in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

Smeaton was the junior of "the millwright of Macclesfield" by only eight years, but being the son of an attorney of Leeds, had the advantage of a superior education. He abandoned dry law, and a mathematical instrument maker's shop, for civil engineering. The lighthouse on the Eddystone, erected by Winstanley, was swept away with its builder in a great storm; a new building, by Rudyerd, was destroyed by fire, and by the advice of Lord Macclesfield, "Fooley Smeaton," as his school-fellows had dubbed him, was engaged to raise a new structure, which he effectually executed, having adopted as his model the bole of a large spreading oak-tree, and the process of dovetailing, a novelty in stone work, in place of binding the blocks by iron cramps. After a rough night at sea, he would come and stand on the Hoe at Plymouth, in the dim grey of the morning during its erection, and peer out to sea through his telescope until he saw a tall white pillar of spray shooting up into the air, which assured him that the building was safe. It was with a grateful heart that he inscribed the words *Laus Deo*—the last mason's work done—over the door of the lantern, in the same year that Wolfe won his victory on the heights of Abraham. The drainage of the Midmoor and West Fens, the bridges of Banff,

Coldstream, Perth and Coldstream, a double boring-mill for guns at the Carron Iron-Works, the great harbour works at Ramsgate, and similar constructions of lesser size at Eyemouth and Portpatrick, mills of every description, and the improvement of Newcomen's engine, were among the multifarious labours of a man who "was ready to supply a design of any new machine, from a ship's pump or a fire bucket, to a turning-lathe or a steam-engine," and of whom James Watt spoke as "Father Smeaton, whose precepts and example made us engineers," and Robert Stephenson said that "he was the greatest philosopher in engineering this country had yet produced." One of his maxims was "Never let a file come where a hammer can go;" and another, his guiding principle through life, was, "The abilities of the individual are a debt due to the common stock of public well-being." He refused the invitation, though backed by splendid promises, of the Princess Dashkoff, to enter the service of the Empress, for he said no money could induce him to leave his home, his friends, and country." "Sir," exclaimed the lady, "I honour you. You may have your equal in abilities, perhaps; but in character you stand alone. The English minister, Sir R. Walpole, was mistaken, and my sovereign has the misfortune to find one man who has not his price." In all works of danger he himself led the way; he was the first to spring upon the rock and the last to leave it; and his *Story of the Eddystone Lighthouse*, which reaches dramatic interest, and his *Essays on Engineering*, remain as proofs of his modesty, shrewdness, skill, and courage. And yet of himself he never spoke; and the pleasant manner in which he excused himself from playing at cards for money in the house of the Duke of Queensberry, who had selected him as an acquaintance from his likeness to the poet Gay, shows how gracefully he could combine principle with courtesy. He took leave of his profession a year before his death, and, alluding to his slowness of apprehension, beautifully said, "It could not be otherwise; the shadow must lengthen as the sun goes down;" and his last hours were cheered with the "vast and privileged views of an heretofore where all will be comprehension and pleasure."

Rennie, the engineer of the three great London bridges, the Plymouth Breakwater, the London and East India Docks, the Kennet and Avon, Rochdale, Lancaster, and Royal Canals, was the son of a small farmer at Phantassie. Engineering was not popular in Scotland, and the illiberal Presbyterian preachers actually denounced mills as "irreligious" and means to raise "the devil's wind;" and among the reprobates of the Kirk was Rennie's master, Andrew Meikle, the inventor of the thrashing machine. Rennie was somewhat of a linguist and musician, and studied in the University of Edinburgh as a poor scholar. His first bridge, near Stevenhouse Mill, was erected when he was only twenty-three years of age; but he shortly after entered the service of James Watt, in the Albion Mills, London, upon the site of which, after their destruction by fire, he subsequently erected his own offices, from affectionate regard to the spot. In the drainage of the Lincoln and Cambridge Fens, he introduced the important features of intercepting drains and the lowering of the level of the outfalls. Rennie, who held that true practice could only be based on true theory, established the principle of the equilibrium of arches, for which hitherto no rules had been laid down; and he constructed the bridges of Kelso, Musselburgh, and those which he erected in London, with such level roadways, that a country-

man passing over that of Musselburgh gave vent to the angry criticism, "Brig! it's nae brig ava! ye neither ken when ye're on't nor when ye're aff't." He also improved the centering, and employed coffer-dams for the first time. At the opening of Waterloo Bridge, he said, "I had a hard business to escape knight-hood!" The employment of steam-power in the Royal Navy, the improvement of the Clyde, the docks at Hull, Leith, and Sheerness; the rearrangement of the gunpowder machinery at Waltham; the anchor-Forge at Woolwich dockyard; and the Bell-rock lighthouse, are only a few instances of the great works which constitute his biography, and for which this country is indebted to Rennie. And if many of his grand designs were not carried out, the fault lay in his employers, to whom he would honestly say, "I tell you the whole cost which I think will be incurred in the construction: adopt the plan or not, as you think proper." In every plan, he considered not only the present, but the future: he undertook no work which he was unable personally and minutely to superintend. His severe truthfulness was remarkable in every act. He never dabbled in shares or contracts. When asked any question outside the line of his actual knowledge, he had the honesty to say at once, "I do not know." Work was with him a passion, and on his last pleasure-trip on the Continent, he drew up an elaborate and masterly report on the state of the foreign harbours, and sent it to Lord Melville, then First Lord of the Admiralty. "Why, this will never do," General Brownrigg, then head of the Ordnance Department, said to him, while looking over his bill, "seven guineas a day, why, it is equal to the pay of a field-marshal!" "Well," replied Mr. Rennie, "I am a field-marshal in my profession; and if a field-marshal in your line had answered your purpose, I suppose you would not have sent for me." "Then you refuse to make any abatement?" "Not a penny," replied the engineer; and his bill was paid. Even his muscular strength could not endure the work with which he overtasked it, and in the midst of brilliant designs, Rennie died, wrestling to the last with death, at the premature age of sixty-one years.

Like Edwards, Brindley, Rennie, Smeaton, and Robert Stephenson, Telford—"Laughing Tam," as his schoolmates called him, from his merry-heartedness—was a country-bred boy, left fatherless when a child of one year old, and born in a humble shieling, in Eskdale. His only schooling was obtained in the little school of Westerkirk; and after an apprenticeship as a stonemason, he proceeded to find employment in the building of Somerset House, on a horse which Sir J. Johnstone wished to send to London, and provided with a pair of leather "brecks," which he ungratefully omitted to remit, on his arrival, to the lender, his cousin W. Jackson. At length, after an engagement as foreman of masons employed in Portsmouth dockyard, he obtained, through the interest of Mr. Pulteney, the surveyorship of the county of Salop, where some of his less agreeable duties consisted in the superintendence of felons. "He regarded his weeks as so many stories in the building, and upon the succession of weeks running on through years he thought that the complete life-structure should be built up." His next promotion was that of the office of Engineer of the Ellesmere Canal, which he constructed, with the Chirk and Pont-Cysylltau aqueducts, the latter of which Sir W. Scott pronounced to be "the most impressive work of art he had ever seen," forming a striking feature in the beautiful vale of Llangollen: in these we ought to mention, he introduced

the system of hollow walls, and the use of vast troughs of iron to carry the water. His church of St. Mary Magdalen, Bridgnorth, was less successful; but his iron bridge at Buildwas, erected in the same year as that of Sunderland, designed by Tom Paine, whose infamous opinions he had only recently recanted, was soon exceeded by the noble bridge of stone which he erected at Dunkeld during his improvement of the Highland roads. His great harbour works of Aberdeen and Dundee, the Hardcastle Tunnel, the Caledonian Canal, the canals of Gotha, Macclesfield and Birmingham, and Liverpool, the roads in North Wales, that between Carlisle and Glasgow, Dean and Glasgow bridges, the draining of the Fens, the St. Katherine Docks, and his crowning labour the Menai and Conway bridges, set Telford at the head of his profession. He was deservedly elected the first President of the Institute of Civil Engineers; and when he abandoned his old inn, the Salopian, now the Ship Inn, Charing Cross, for his new house in Abingdon Street, once the residence of Labeyrie, the architect of Westminster Bridge, the unhappy landlord assured him that he "had paid £750 for him;" for it appeared that "the successive hotel-keepers having regarded him as a fixture had bought and sold him from time to time with the goodwill of the business."

Telford was a poet, and a contributor to the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*; among his friends were Professor Black, Sir B. Brodie, Campbell the poet, whose poem of "Hohenlinden" he corrected, and Southey, who playfully dubbed him "Pontifex Maximus" and the "Colossus of Roads." One of the sweetest traits in his character was his love for his poor widowed mother, and the affectionate regard for his humble birthplace, to which he bequeathed a noble legacy, in the form of a public library. His own example, he said, was a proof that "there is no short and rapid road to distinction, but steep is the ascent and slippery is the way." He had the happy gift of laying aside every care, both when in society and on retiring to rest. "What will they say in Eskdale?" was the one thought in success uppermost in his mind. At the ripe age of seventy-seven years he closed his honourable career; and he now sleeps in the nave of Westminster Abbey, the last distinction which his country could bestow—the son of the Eskdale shepherd beside the son of the Killingworth engineman.

These attractive and useful volumes ought to be placed in the hands of every student who aspires to be a civil engineer. It will both cheer and warn the young man entering on his vocation; it will show him that it is not the amount and duration of labour that shorten an engineer's existence, but "irregular living, exposure in all weathers, long fasting, and habitual disregard of the ordinary conditions of physical health;" and it will animate him with the promise of an abundant reward, whilst behind each of such predecessors he

"Dextra se . . .
Implicuit sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis."

The general reader will trace in these pages the progressive improvement of the state of this country, the gradual transformation which has been well delineated by Mr. Smiles.

"From a pasture-range, it became a corn-farm and a garden; and alongside of agriculture there grew up handicrafts, trades, and manufactures, by which its raw materials were worked up in all manner of tools, machines, and fabrics. The powers of Nature were laid under contribution, and wind, water, and steam became the allies and servants of man. Bridle-paths were superseded by wheel-roads; rivers were dug out and deepened, or used to feed

artificial channels of water-communication; and from a land of horse-vehicles it became one of steam-trains and iron-railroads. All branches of agriculture, trade, and manufacture, advanced with accelerated pace, until England has become the world's school of industry and the world's workshop."

THE DUTCH AT HOME.*

It is a very ill wind that blows nobody any good: people have profited from the famous *coup d'état* of December 2nd, whose interests were by no means contemplated when a President transformed himself into an Emperor. It was to be expected that the faithful followers and henchmen of Louis Napoleon should derive advantage from their master's usurpation; that they should have greatness thrust upon them; and that they should find themselves upon terms of unwonted intimacy with ready money; but it was hardly to be presumed that many an English fireside would owe to the same circumstance the wherewithal to make a few winter evenings pass pleasantly away. Yet so it is. Had there been no *coup d'état*, M. Esquiros had not visited Belgium; had he not visited Belgium, he had not gone to Holland; had he not gone to Holland, he had not written *The Dutch at Home*; and the reading classes in England had lost two very welcome volumes. A trip to Holland, M. Esquiros informs us, was recommended to him by an Englishman whom he met in Belgium with the view that, when old age overtook him and the gloom of declining years overshadowed him, he might have some grotesque recollection to fall back upon, some droll reminiscences to enliven the cheerless hours that accompany decay. For "when," said our compatriot, "you have seen the Dutch, you will laugh at them your life long." M. Esquiros acted upon this hint; but the result did not verify the Englishman's prediction. As Balaam went forth to curse Israel and was moved in spite of himself to bless them altogether, so M. Esquiros proceeded to laugh at the Dutch, and found himself to his astonishment stricken with admiration. He found honesty and industry hand in hand; he found gigantic yet unpretentious works bidding defiance to the mighty ocean; he found liberal institutions; he found education sown broadcast; he found riches fairly wrung by sweat from unaccommodating Nature; he found a powerful nationality and a spirit of religion; and the smile he had prepared died involuntarily from his lips as he did homage to the patience and resolution of the Dutch. Ridicule was disarmed by respect; what mattered it if a people so energetic and so upright had figures that remind one of a bottle of Schiedam, a rolling gait, and rather more to sit down with than the rest of mankind? Besides, tourists had already exhausted the spiteful method; the vein of caricature had been worked out; "calumniation, mockery, and French *blague* had passed over the manners of the Dutch, or at any rate over any superficialities (*sic*) they presented, and had spared nothing."

The consequence is, M. Esquiros is fain to acknowledge that never to his recollection has he written so serious a book as this. He even hints that some people may find it dull. And there certainly are folks who cry out at the dullness of every kind of instruction: they like all play and no work, which accounts for the usually disreputable appearance of their linen.

* *The Dutch at Home*. By Alphonse Esquiros: translated and edited by Lascelles Wrasall. Two Vols. (Chapman and Hall.)

With them we have nothing to do: let them go to their own place. Moreover, there are degrees of dullness: Venus is dull in comparison with the sun; and the glory of other stars is dull beside the brilliancy of Venus; yet there is a charm in the radiance of the lesser fires. And, to our mind, there is relief experienced from occasional clouds obscuring the light. Therefore it is that we congratulate M. Esquiros upon his determination to give us sober description, only occasionally enlivened by sparkling epigram. To Englishmen, above all persons, a staid account of the Dutch and their manners should have far more interest than caricature; the two peoples have more in common than their mutually characteristic phlegm. The love of the sea, the attachment to liberty, the spirit of discovery, the tendency to colonization, the tolerance of religious sects, the toil which *omnia vincit Improbis*, the obstinate courage that yields to no difficulties and cannot comprehend defeat, which distinguish the one nation are also conspicuous in the other. In the north, the south, the east, and the west, whithersoever the enterprise of Englishmen has penetrated, there they have found either before them or abreast of them a sturdy band of Dutchmen. In the frozen seas of the Arctic circle, and on the burning sands of Africa, their most indomitable rivals have been the Dutch: and the genius of commerce, if not the *auri sacra fames*, brought them face to face on the plains watered by the Ganges. Nor can we forget that our fathers' ships were swept from the seas by Van Tromp; and that the dwellers on the Thames, in the Merry Monarch's time, heard the booming of De Ruyter's cannon. A king too we have owed to the Dutch, and not the least of those who have been called to reign over us; though the blood of the Glencoe massacre be on his head, and though he defrauded his wife of her share of green peas. One great crime and an inordinate love of vegetables weigh but lightly in the balance against the virtues of a prince who was so skilful in war, so bold in fight, so sagacious in council, so profound in diplomacy, so loving in marriage, so Protestant in religion, as his late Majesty William III. Englishmen, therefore, should be glad to learn wherein lieth the great strength of the Dutch; and they have a competent instructor in M. Esquiros.

We presume that "at home" does not mean so much "in-doors" as "in their own country;" just as one finds *domi* used in Roman writers; else our author runs the risk of being charged with miscalling his book, or at least with having a translator who miscalls it for him. For the accounts of interiors are very meagre: we have not throughout a single description of the way in which the domestic life of a middle-class Dutch family is regulated; we do not get a single peep at the household mysteries with which the worship of the Dutch Lares is accompanied. The domestic arrangements of a few fishermen are, indeed, minutely set forth; their devotion to their wives is duly commended; the occasional unfaithfulness of their wives to them is properly denounced; the scenes when the fishers go forth to sea, when wife and child swarm down to bid the last farewell, when hearts begin to fail for fear as hurricanes blow and seas roll high, when weeping and wailing resound on the shore as the last day of grace is past and gone and the mariners have not yet returned, are painted with touching simplicity; and we get more than a glimpse into the interior economy of a Dutch workhouse. But we can scarcely consider either fishermen or workhouse-inmates fair samples of average

Dutchmen. M. Esquiro's apparently took his case in his inn and frequent strolls from it, and observed the domestic institutions of the Dutch from the *paucé*. At any rate, that is the idea one gathers of his proceedings from what he has actually described, though he now and then makes use of an expression which would lead one to believe that he received considerable hospitality and had many opportunities of becoming acquainted with the in-door life of the Hollanders. Perhaps he shrank from exposing to public gaze the privacy of those to whom his gratitude was due. If this were his feeling, it is as creditable as it is in these days of photographic exhibitions rare; and we respect it too much to regret that it should have been acted upon.

Yet let no one err so deeply as to suppose that M. Esquiro's did not find, in what may be called the exterior life of the Dutch, much, very much, that is interesting. He explains the processes by which the sturdy men of Holland force their natural enemies to be, if not their friends, their servants; how they make the sea, which roars against them and would fain swallow them up, the highway for their merchandise; how they compel, by means of mills, the very wind of heaven, which had made common cause with their briny foe, to do their work of desiccation—to dry their lakes, their marshes, and their peat-beds; how they lay under contribution the mighty waters—the Rhine, and the Meuse, and the Scheldt—that howl at their very doors, all eager to overwhelm them—cause them to do the labour of beasts of burden, to carry them from point to point wherever they would go, and when they lie congealed with wintry ice to do them service, as men and women, iron-shod, glide in derision over the slippery surface. And herein we are led to mention a pleasant mode of payment which M. Esquiro's tells us is adopted by the fair Dutchwomen towards those who are fortunate enough to have the fastening of their skates. What ladies pay in our country we are not experienced enough to say, but from the male skater we know that cold coppers are expected; in Holland, however, fair maidens skate habitually, and the reward to him who binds the iron upon their feet has been from time immemorial a kiss. And great, we are informed, in consequence, is the rivalry of the skate-fasteners.

The most interesting chapters to us in M. Esquiro's two volumes are the tenth and succeeding ones of the first volume, wherein we read of the Dutch fisheries in general, and the herring-fishery in particular: there is a great deal of information there which will be new to most persons, and the author takes there a good opportunity of bearing witness to the advantages of free-trade. In the second volume M. Esquiro's travels a great deal away from Holland; he has more to say about the Reformation, the Jews, acclimatization, and domestication of animals than about the habits, manners, and customs of the inhabitants of the Netherlands. Nevertheless, we read with pleasure what it seemed good to him to relate. He has very large views upon the subject of domestication, and proposes that the zoological gardens of every country should be made available for that purpose. And so sanguine is he of the results, that should his ideas be received with favour, we may hope, ere we die, to ride from Charing Cross to the Bank for the small charge of threepence in an omnibus drawn by a pair of elks; to see gentlemen (after Bacchus) tooling a team of tigers in the Drive; and ladies (after Ariadne) riding leopards in the Row; no family will be without its "talking-fish," in other words, its seal; maiden

aunts will take their walks abroad under the protection of a polar bear; and every house with any pretensions to respectability will be bound to keep a crocodile.

To ethnologists we commend M. Esquiro's assertion, "there exists a mysterious nation, well worthy of attracting the attention of historians and novelists." Born in the desert, the caravan is its emblem." Evidently he means the Jewish nation, but we should have thought that M. Esquiro's description would apply better to the Ishmaelites than to the descendants of Isaac and Jacob. At any rate the Israelites were, for a considerable number of years, unacquainted personally with the caravan, or the Books of Kings and Chronicles and some others might as well be eliminated from sacred history. That the Jews are now dispersed and scattered abroad we acknowledge, but that they patronize the caravan to any great extent we are not aware; our impression is, that they show a decided inclination to settle down wherever they can find a Goshen, and that there is no nation on earth more ready to allow how small a quantity of moss is found adhering to the rolling stone. It has usually required rather strong measures on the part of ruling powers to induce a thriving Hebrew to commence an exodus; even when accompanied by the pillar of fire and the pillar of cloud, with Moses to lead them, the prospect of a good land before them, and the retrospect of Pharaoh, his taskmasters, and the problem of brickmaking without materials, they longed to return to the fleshpots of Egypt. But let the ethnologists settle it.

There is a matter upon which we have a slight controversy with M. Esquiro's. In talking of different denominations of Christians, he speaks as though they did not worship the same God; he would say that a man who renounced Catholicism for Protestantism, or *vice versa*, renounced the God of his fathers; at least that is the notion which we have derived from his words, and we cannot too strongly protest against it. All Christians seek—by different roads, alas!—the same point; all their spirits trust, though that trust be differently expressed, in the same God; and any style of language which tends to keep out of sight this important fact cannot but be productive of mischief.

We cannot close our notice without mentioning that M. Esquiro's Essays were written before Mr. Motley's work appeared; and the translator, in a note, takes occasion to hint that the history of Holland which M. Esquiro's desiderates has now been supplied. There are others who are not of that opinion, but who think there is room for a more accurate history; but this is not the place, nor are we entitled, to decide the question; we are only desirous that the fact should be known. The translator's own work appears to us—we had not the pleasure of reading the original Essays in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and cannot therefore speak with absolute certainty—extremely well done. We now and then meet with a curious expression, as, for instance, "Northern people feel the necessity of augmenting the brilliancy of an *avaricious* light," when we suppose "niggard" or "scanty" was meant; but the translator was misled by a literal similarity. Such carelessness, however, is very rare, and the book throughout reads very unlike a translation, except where, as must happen, a sentence occurs whose floridness or mode of thought stamps it unmistakably and unalterably French.

ALCHEMY AND ITS ALLOYS.*

The *New Pitaval* may fairly be described (if degrees of comparison are permissible in such a matter) as the most reputable of the gallews literature now running over Europe like a pestilence. The twenty-nine volumes which have already appeared are a strange hodge-podge of crimes committed in all countries and at all epochs, collected without any regard to symmetry: an Antonio Perez ranges by the side of a Tawell; and after being edified by the trial of the Seven Bishops, we are horrified by the atrocious life-history of Lacenaire. One merit, if it be one, we cannot gainsay the editor, Dr. W. Haring, better known as Willibald Alexis: he is most conscientious in describing details. Should a wretched victim have been mutilated by fifty wounds, he does not neglect one of them, but gives the length, breadth, and depth of each with a truly horrible gusto. The reader may be sure of finding the minutest details of the most shudder-exciting crimes. But after all, we may ask, *Cui bono*? That it is a question, however, to be settled between Dr. Haring and his readers; and, judging from the success of the work, they are perfectly satisfied.

The volume we have now under notice is just such an *olla podrida* as the previous specimens: it opens with Beatrice di Cenci, then goes off at a tangent to a Viennese clerk who murdered his master, and sent him by goods' train. There are several atrocious poisoning cases; an interesting appendix about the Duchess of Kingston's residence in Esthonia; a life of the "German Princess," a notorious seventeenth-century impostor; and one paper before all, of which we will form the subject-matter of our article, because it is probably unknown to our readers, and to a certain extent innocuous. It is the life-history of "Major-General Don Dominico Manuel Caetano, Count de Ruggiero, and gold-maker."

It is a notorious fact that during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, adventurers repeatedly made their appearance at many of the German Courts, who declared that they possessed the secret of gold-making. This is not the place to inquire into the possibility of a transmutation of metals. It is true that more modern chemistry rejects the idea; but, for all that, the history of alchemy brings before us, in addition to a great number of impostors, certain adepts, some of whom possess the means chemically to produce the most astounding changes in inorganic substances, while others were acquainted with the ingredients of the recipe. We purpose to tell our readers the sad fate of one of these adepts, and for that purpose have selected the most interesting person of the class, a man who played an important and lucrative part at most of the European Courts, and whose fate offers the most striking contrasts of good and evil fortune. We will leave it to our readers to decide whether he belonged to the impostors *purs et simples*, or to those who really possessed some secret recipe.

At the close of the seventeenth century there appeared at the Court of the Elector Maximilian Emanuel of Bavaria, at that time Viceroy of the Netherlands, an adept who was provided with the most brilliant recommendations from the Bavarian Envoy at Madrid, and letters stating that he had met with unexampled success in that city. The adept soon gained the confidence of the Elector by sundry transmutations of the ignoble metals into gold and silver, and promised not merely to produce him inexhaustible stores of wealth, but also to prepare the tincture that effected the trans-

* *Der Neue Pitaval. Neun-und-zwanzigster Theil.* (Leipzig: Brockhaus.)

mutation on a grand scale. While he was making his preparations for this, the Elector did all in his power to retain him at his Court: he invested him with several honorary offices, and gave him from time to time as much as sixty thousand florins. But the adept not merely did not fulfil his golden promises, but several times attempted to escape. He was captured, convicted of cheating, and removed to Bavaria, where he was confined in a tower of Grunewald Castle. After six years' imprisonment he managed to effect his escape from this place, and in all probability opportunity was afforded him for doing so. Our adept proceeded to Vienna, where he assumed the name of Count de Ruggiero. In 1704, he gave a specimen of his skill in the presence of Prince Anthony of Liechtenstein, and it was so successful, that he excited general amazement. The Emperor Leopold I. took him into his service with a high salary, and gave him six thousand florins for the preparation of the tincture. But the Emperor died ere it was ready: the salary was stopped, and steps were being taken to bring the "Count" to book, when he fortunately found a new patron in John William, Elector of the Palatinate, who was then residing at Vienna. The Empress Dowager was also favourably disposed towards him. Ruggiero pledged his head that within six weeks he would supply them with seventy-two million florins, and matters went on for awhile pleasantly enough in this old way, until the Count suddenly disappeared from Vienna, taking with him the daughter of a midwife, whom he raised to the rank of his consort.

On March 5, 1705, a certain Count Caetano arrived in Berlin, where he established himself somewhat pretentiously, set up his gilded coach, and sent a petition to the Court, in which he begged the King's protection against the persecutions of foreign Powers, and promised largely to enrich the royal treasury by the process of transmutation. Frederick I. was not indisposed to go into the affair, especially as Caetano very confidently offered to prove his skill, but for all that the advice of experts was called in. A Danish alchemist, residing at Berlin at the time, of the name of Deppel, was commissioned to form Caetano's acquaintance. The Count, without any hesitation, showed him his tinctures, the red and the white, and performed sundry experiments. But here is an extract descriptive of the process:—

"According to the principles of the alchemists there were means of producing both gold and silver by the aid of science. Gold was produced by the exhibition of the red tincture, also called the Philosopher's Stone or the Grand Elixir, and silver by that of the white tincture, also known as the Lesser Elixir or Second Stone. The transmutation was effected by projection, that is to say, dropping the tincture into the liquid metal. According to the strength of the tincture, it tinged five, ten, or thirty thousand parts, that is, transmuted so many times its own weight of an ignoble metal into a noble one. The white tincture was produced from the same ingredients as the red, and passed over into the latter by a continuation of the manipulatory processes."

Deppel, it appeared, produced seven pounds of quicksilver, which the Count placed in a retort standing in a sandbath and heated till it began to smoke, when he dropped one piece of the white tincture into the retort. A tremendous fizzing ensued, and when that ceased, he took the retort out and hurled it on the ground; the metal it contained Deppel recognized to be fine silver. This successful experiment gained Caetano permission to perform a second one in the presence of the King himself.

The Crown Prince, who did not put much faith in the Count, took all possible precautions; he supplied all the requisites himself, and carefully watched Caetano when he filled the retort; moreover, gold-workers were summoned to test the metal immediately it was produced. The Count made three experiments. In the first, the conversion of quicksilver into gold, a quantity of the former was placed in a crucible, and when it began bubbling, Caetano poured in a few drops of a red thick fluid; the contents were stirred, the crucible removed in an half an hour to let it cool, and the metal in it, above one pound in weight (we do not learn how much quicksilver was employed), proved to be fine gold on being tested. In the second experiment Caetano converted a similar quantity of quicksilver into silver by means of his white liquid, and in the third, he "tinged" a copper staff he had made red-hot and converted one-half of it into gold. Lastly, he handed the King fifteen grains of white and four grains of red tincture, which he estimated at ninety pounds of silver and twenty pounds of gold, and promised furthermore to deliver within sixty days eight ounces of red and seven ounces of white tincture, with which he declared gold and silver to the value of seven million thalers could be produced.

We can easily imagine that the King was eminently pleased and astonished. Count Caetano, in whom our readers will have recognized the adventurer of Brussels and Vienna, was kindly treated at Court; still a hesitation was felt as to offering him gold or silver, as he could make them himself, and it was also considered too early to give him honorary offices. A prospect of such was merely held out to him as the reward, when he had fulfilled his promises. Caetano ostensibly set to work preparing for the King the tinctures he had promised within two months: he set spirit to digest, and now and then threw a little tincture into the crucibles in order to be enabled to perform experiments; he also transmuted metals frequently, both to defray his own enormous expenses, and also in the presence of witnesses, in order to make himself talked about. At the same time he invented a variety of tricks, by which to keep attention alive. Here is a specimen:—

"Thus, for instance, he once took a young man, with whom he was fond of playing jokes, into his laboratory, where he promised to show him the philosopher's stone, first asking of him a pledge of solemn secrecy, as he felt sure that was the best way to make him chatter. Then he laid a piece of paper on the young man's hand, covered it with a thick layer of sand, and placed two pieces of red tincture, about the size of a pea, upon the sand. After this, he made a flurin red-hot, laid it also on the sand, covered it with more sand, and bade the young man close his hand. 'Hereupon,' the latter reports, 'smoke began to issue, and there was a smell as of sulphur and saltpetre.' When the flurin was taken out of the sand, it was found to be converted into pure gold; it was melted down, and Caetano gave the young man half the gold as a *souvenir*."

Several weeks were passed in expectation, the Court awaiting the golden results of the Count's science, the Count awaiting valuable presents from the King. As, however, the King still believed that Caetano could not be in want of money, the only present he made him was a dozen of old French wine. It was very natural that the honoured adept should feel greatly dissatisfied in a few weeks. Moreover, the period was approaching when he must deliver the promised tincture. Hence, he resolved to leave Berlin, and proceeded to Hildesheim. Hence he wrote the King of Prussia that he would teach his secret to any one the monarch

thought proper to select. The Court assented to this, and it was fancied that the time had arrived to bind the alchemist more closely. A chamberlain was therefore sent to Hildesheim, who delivered to Caetano the King's portrait set in diamonds, of the value of twelve hundred thalers, and a commission as major-general of artillery.

"It was then agreed between the couple that the requisite operation should be performed at Coswig. A written account of the process was delivered to the Chamberlain, and they set to work. In the midst of the operation Caetano opened the phial, took some liquid out of it, and transmuted three to four pounds of quicksilver with it into silver. The experiment was performed, so far as Caetano felt inclined to go, and he now demanded one thousand ducats of the Chamberlain as a reward. The latter could not understand how a gold-maker asked money of others, and put him off to the end of the operation, though he regaled him most nobly the while. The Count repeated his tricks. Ere the operation was quite terminated, he opened the phial again, and transmuted an imperial flurin, as it was declared, into a piece of gold. Then he made a fresh demand. The Chamberlain must give him a certificate that he had learned the secret. Herr von Marschall put him off again till the finale; but Caetano, who probably had his reasons for not awaiting that, went off to Stettin, whence he wrote the King that 'the Chamberlain had treated him badly. After learning the secret he wished to keep it for himself, and he was an unfaithful servant.' At the same time he asked for one thousand ducats."

The Court thought it necessary to interfere, and Privy Secretary Hesse was sent to induce the gold man to return to Berlin. He paid four hundred thalers of debts for Caetano, but could not induce him to return. On the contrary, the adventurer next proceeded to Hamburg, where he fell into such a state of poverty that he was compelled to pawn his wife's jewels and clothes. And yet he had the impudence to write from here a second letter to the King, in which he repeated his charges against the Chamberlain. In the meanwhile, serious accusations against Caetano had reached Berlin. A letter from Vienna warned the King to mind what he was about, for the Spanish Envoy to the Austrian Court openly declared that Caetano had swindled his cousin of fifteen thousand piastres. On hearing this, the King ordered the alchemist to be arrested at Hamburg in his quality of Prussian Major-General, while the phials he had left behind at Coswig and Berlin were inspected, and found to be empty.

Still, this did not upset the Count's equanimity; when brought prisoner to Berlin, he declared the last-mentioned flask not to be his, and offered to resume his operations in the presence of a Commissary. This was conceded, and he once more produced silver. This restored him at once to the Royal favour: he was lodged in a palace, and the Court cook was ordered to supply him with ten dishes for dinner and eight for supper. It was estimated that, inclusive of the redemption of his property pledged at Hamburg, the alchemist cost the Berlin Court upwards of 16,000 thalers. But the catastrophe was creeping on: he certainly effected some further transmutations, but on the 23rd of November, when he had engaged in the King's presence to convert one hundredweight of quicksilver into gold, it was found that he had disappeared.

He went to Frankfort-on-the-Maine, but on the request of the Prussian Minister he was arrested. While in prison, he drew up and printed a strange justification. In this very rare document, he accused the King of not having kept his word with him; hoping, perhaps, thus to induce the Frankfort magistrates to set him at liberty. But in this he was disappointed: he

was handed over to a party of Prussian troops at Sachsenhausen, and conveyed to Cüstrin. Here he was ordered to make fresh experiments, but as they were utterly unsuccessful, he was condemned to death. The beam of the gallows on which he was hung was coated with Dutch metal. He went bravely to his death, tenderly embraced his wife on the road, and died on August 23, 1709, with a calmness worthy of a better life. After his death, his body was dressed in a robe also covered with Dutch metal.

"The age, which took pleasure in such scurvy jests, has handed down to us not only a copper-plate engraving representing him hanging in this dress, but also a medal coined just after his death. On the obverse is a triple-armed gallows, from which Caetano is suspended: before the gallows are seven mountains, and on each mountain a planet, the central one with the sun and gold planets being exactly in front of the hanging man: while around and on the props of the gallows are various Latin sentences relating to him and his crime. But the strangest thing is the inscription on the reverse of the medal: it runs literally as follows:—

KYS
MUNTUS
FULD TEZYBY
AYVVK DE
ALLGEMISDARUM
BLOENA SUND
OMNIA

OECHE TOEZYPHY A DUR."

All that remains to us is to inquire who this man really was, and what foundation there was for his pretended science. The first question is easily answered: Caetano was the son of a peasant of Petrabianca, near Naples. He was apprenticed to a goldsmith, and eventually travelled about Italy as a conjuror. According to his own statement, he learnt from a stranger, circa 1695, the art of making gold, and proceeded to Madrid to carry it out, where he remained four months. That he must have succeeded in doing a good stroke of business is proved by the letters of recommendation he received when he started for Brussels: and at whose expense he did it, is explained by the statement of the Spanish Ambassador at Vienna. But did he really possess this art? This question can be answered in different ways, according as the possibility of transmutation may be confirmed or denied. It is indubitable that he possessed a red and a white tincture, by which he produced remarkable changes in metals; this is proved by a number of credible witnesses. And even the author of the semi-official report, Privy Secretary Hesse, who had no reason to spare Caetano, does not doubt that he possessed tinctures, by means of which he could convert quicksilver into gold or silver. At the same time, however, he denies that Caetano knew the secret of producing these tinctures; and in this view he is supported by a recent learned investigator into alchemy, Professor Schmieder of Kassel.

"Caetano [says the latter] had only a sufficient quantity of these tinctures to perform a series of experiments, but not enough to manufacture unbounded wealth. This he tried to obtain by acts of swindling; he procured credit by means of the true tincture, raised money from his dupes by leading them to hope that they would soon be in possession of wealth, and then disappeared."

We are bound to add that the learned author from whom we quote the above passage is firmly persuaded that the philosophers' stone existed, but that the secret was only known to a few, who, starting up one after the other in the

course of centuries, gave these tinctures to others, but did not impart the secret of their manufacture. This will explain the considerable number of "gold-makers" who, according to the testimony of history, possessed such tinctures, but made no better use of them than did our unlucky Don Caetano. We will leave it to our readers whether they will accept this opinion, or merely see in Caetano a common cheat, clever enough to deceive numerous and usually cautious witnesses.

WOLSELEY'S CHINA WAR.*

ALTHOUGH the Chinese War of 1860 was, judging by the period of time it covered and the results it attained, undoubtedly the most brilliant and decisive ever waged by British arms, it has not until very recently found an historian. It is true that the exceeding simplicity of its leading features and the fidelity with which its details were at the time transmitted by the press, have so far fixed it on the public mind as to make a labour of the sort seem superfluous to any but chroniclers of passing events. But this war was no common war. It was, in fact, a war against a Government, not against a nation. Several of the sources from which we derived materials to carry it on were under the nominal control of the power against whom it was waged. At times our perplexity was how we could properly hold our hand, not with what force we could use it; and all along we were in danger of seeming to abet a horde of rebellious fanatics who were in arms against the same government from which we demanded redress, but the subjugation of which would have been to our own commercial interests a most grave affliction. For although we were at war with the Imperial Government, our object was not so much to weaken it as "to show China how immeasurably stronger and greater in war we were" than she, and so to ensure immunity to our commerce from henceforth. The maxim, that in war you should inflict the greatest amount of damage upon your enemy in as short a time as possible, did not hold good in the present case.

"In all hostile operations in that country [says Colonel Wolseley] we were obliged to be more careful of the true interests of the Imperial Government than they were themselves. Our commercial relations bound us up more or less with it, and depended so intimately upon its maintenance and its ability to protect the native producers, that, next to a defeat, the greatest misfortune which could, politically speaking, attend us in the war was a great victory whose effects would be so crushing, that the entire fabric of government might be in danger."

But if the war was in its character anomalous, the means employed on our side (as distinct from the French) were not less so. When the expedition arrived at Hongkong, and was encamped for the time on the long neck of land, stretching from the mainland, called Kowloon, the supplies necessary for it were a matter of mere speculation. It was going to a country, the resources of which (an inquiry of the first importance in war) "literally nothing was known." The heads of departments, therefore, had to provide the army as if its destination was the moon; that is, with everything down to the remotest particular,

the want of which the most distant contingency might be supposed to create. To complicate matters still more, the army was of a heterogeneous character. "Regiments of the old Pandies of Bengal, miserable-looking Madrassese, Bombay sepoys and Punjaubees, in which were men of every warlike tribe in northern India, the wild Pathan and the brave Sikh," had to fight side by side with the British soldier.

The commissariat for a large body of Hindostanees was of itself a Herculean undertaking. Some would not cook on board, "so a peculiar kind of ration was required for them," and each caste would only consume water pumped in by themselves. On one occasion a ship freighted with these people being ready to sail, one of them embraced Christianity at the last moment, so that to the "confusing rations of various sorts of peas, beans, bad butter, dried fish, green chilies, &c.," for the different castes among his shipmates, had to be added, at the twelfth hour, the Government allowance of salt pork and biscuit for this inopportune neophyte. Nevertheless, in spite of all these difficulties, an expedition so complete in every respect never sailed to avenge a British wrong. Colonel Wolseley traces its progress step by step. First comes the impudent prevaricating despatch of Ho, in answer to Mr. Bruce's ultimatum; then the seizure and occupation of Chusan; the return through the islands and the examination of that known as Pootoo Island, which, had the war proved a protracted one, as some expected, was to have been made the sanatorium of the army; then the embarkation of all the troops at Kowloon. The writer is alternately the historian, the critic, and the tourist. He records the movements of the different arms of the service, denounces the seizure of Chusan as useless and impolitic, and gives some very graphic descriptions of Ting-hai, its capital, and of the scenery about Pootoo and the Golden Island. Some amusement is created at the starting of the force from the Canton river, by the determination of Admiral Hope to test the value of the sailor's prejudice against leaving port on a Friday, and, as it seems to us, to his own discomfiture. On the first occasion the fleet was compelled to put back in order to refit, and on the second to seek shelter among the islands. At last they were fairly off, and after looking in at Shanghai, and examining various spots along the coast, the whole expedition mustered at Talienwan, where the officers collected an immense dépôt for future contingencies, occupying their leisure by exploring the country round; the common soldiers and sailors feasting upon the "beautiful oysters which abound there," but which, in spite of their excellent quality, produced on those who consumed many of them some very embarrassing effects. At this point the value of the work as a history may be said to commence. On the 23rd of July the whole expedition left its anchorage at Talienwan, the vast fleet of transports in two lines, "with a man-of-war leading each line"—a grand and imposing sight. On the 30th the disembarkation took place at Pehtang, where the services of the Transport Coolie Corps of two thousand five hundred men were brought into requisition, and proved most invaluable, each man, in Colonel Wolseley's opinion, being equal to any three baggage animals, both from the work he did, his tractability, and the small amount of food he required.

The main features of the short and brilliant campaign that followed are so well known that there will be no occasion for us to repeat them in detail. One of the earliest and most important of them was the seizure of certain

* Narrative of the War with China in 1860. To which is added, the Account of a Short Residence with the Tai-ping Rebels at Nankin and a Voyage from thence to Hankow. By Lieut.-Colonel G. J. Wolseley, 30th Light Infantry, D.A.—Quartermaster-General to the Expeditionary Force. (Longmans.)

* Done into more correct Latin, the inscription will read, "Sic mundus vult decipi, et quia alchemistarum plena sunt omnia, ergo decipiatur."

papers belonging to Sang-ko-lin-sin, the redoubtable Tartar General, which fell into our hands at Sinho, a village reached at the close of the first day's march, after the army left Peh-tang. These papers comprised a correspondence between the General and the "Grand Council of State" as to the probable line of action the allies might be expected to adopt; and two points in it are remarkable. In the first place, Sang-ko-lin-sin was in possession of translations of all the principal speeches in the British Parliament on the Chinese question; and the second, though he disbelieves, from an inability to comprehend the publicity given to all our movements, any aggressive intention on our part, he indicates with remarkable sagacity the very points of landing and the military movements, as alone open to us, which we actually adopted. These opinions are, however, offered on the hypothesis that we meant fighting, an idea which he scouts as absurd; for, as he observes, "those who make war keep silent regarding their proposed movements: everything is talked over and done in secret, the drums are muffled, and no flags are shown." In his conclusion alone was Sang-ko-lin-sin mistaken. He proves, much to his own satisfaction, how certain it was that if we advanced against him we must be annihilated. Unfortunately for him, the amount of annihilation which actually followed was all the other way. But that the Chinese were very differently handled from what they were in former wars, the storming of the northern Takoo forts amply justifies us in asserting:—"The garrison," says Colonel Wolseley, speaking of the interior of the main fort after its capture, "had evidently resolved either to fall beneath its ruins, or had been to the last so confident of victory, from the strength of the place and our former defeat, that they never seem to have even contemplated retreating." He certainly qualifies the eulogium contained in these words a few lines later, by showing that from "the peculiar nature of the defences" it was almost as difficult to get out of the place as it was to get into it; but he speaks also of a general "who commanded all the northern forts, a red-buttoned mandarin of the highest military order," who fought to the last, and who was eventually shot by an officer of Marines. This general's presence and example undoubtedly encouraged the garrison to the "noble" defence which it made. Unfortunately for them, though they had almost unparalleled natural advantages to back their own bravery, they lacked two important qualifications—science, and the modern appliances of war. "Had a tithe of the immense labour," says our author, "which was expended upon the construction of the Takoo forts been spent under the superintendence of a skilful engineer, the place might have resisted us for months, or, in other words our expedition must have virtually been a failure, as we were not in a condition to undertake a siege." Again, "If the men who garrisoned the captured fort had possessed skill and discipline commensurate with their courage and determination, with a fair proportion of really efficient small-arms, they might have scorned our attempt to capture the place as we did by open assault." The Colonel is further of opinion that any of those adventurous spirits in Europe who, "lost to all ties of home and country," have before now "carved out with their own swords" fame and fortune in distant lands, might "with an equal sum of money and an amount of labour equal to that which was expended upon the Takoo forts at their command, render that position impregnable in six months." Even as matters were, had Sang-ko-lin-sin devoted the same

amount of energy to the fortification of Peh-tang also which he expended on Takoo—though it is fair to say that he might have lacked both the means and the time—the expedition would probably have been so far impeded as to have thrown the war over to the ensuing summer.

We must pass over the march to Tien-tsin, the disposition of the army and of the fleet of gun-boats at that place, the sham negotiations of Kweiliang, the further advance to Ho-se-woo (the highest navigable point on the Peiho), and to Matow, and the approach to the camp which was to be established at Chang-kia-wan, until the negotiations which were to be conducted between Lord Elgin and the Prince of I, at Tung-chow, about 11 miles from Peking, had been brought to a successful issue. The whole of this portion of the work, apart from its historical interest, abounds in interesting information respecting the country, the inhabitants, the temples, monuments, etc. Up to leaving Tien-tsin, the country-people continued for the most part well-disposed towards the expedition,—frightened at first, after a time reassured, then friendly, and finally freely trafficking with us. When, however, the army passed Nan-tsai-tsun on its way to Ho-se-woo, a marked change took place in their behaviour. From that point the people invariably fled at our approach, "and shunned all communication with us." Ho-se-woo was found almost deserted. On leaving Matow, a town still further in advance, another suspicious sign presented itself. For a few miles the crops were all standing, as they had been since the departure from Tien-tsin; when at a spot where the road struck off from the river, the whole country in front, far and near, had been denuded of its millet and Indian corn, and a mile further, on approaching the proposed encampment before Chang-kia-wan, the army came upon a Tartar cavalry picket. All this time the Chinese had been unceasing in their attempts at negotiation, and one was actually pending, of which the proposal that we should encamp in front of Chang-kia-wan, was a part. And here commences that sad tale of the kidnapping and torturing of our countrymen, which is the key-note to the entire narrative until the surrender of the Anting Gate at Peking and the utter destruction of the Summer palaces at Yuen-ming-yuen. It invests every other incident with an absorbing interest, and in the hands of Colonel Wolseley this portion of the history reads like a fairy tale. We do not know that anything is added respecting the fate of our unfortunate countrymen which is not known already; but here the whole is presented as a picture, with certain incidents starting up in the foreground, which at once rivet the attention and invest what is behind with a painful reality.

Among the new matter furnished us by the present publication, is that contained in the correspondence discovered at Yuen-ming-yuen. Much has been written and said in this country respecting the war-party and the peace-party of Chinese politics; and it has been even suggested that it was the war-party which induced Hien-fung to quit Peking and flee to the mountains; that it was the war-party which kept him there, and which had actually persuaded him to issue orders for the immediate decapitation of Messrs. Loch and Parkes, when those gentlemen were fortunately set at liberty. There can be no doubt that the sufferings and murder of so many of our unfortunate countrymen was the work of one man—the miscreant, Sang-ko-lin-sin; and that he represented the war-party—if he was not in himself the war-party—we have Colonel Wolse-

ley's authority for believing. Moreover, the documents found at Yuen-ming-yuen prove that it was his advice which induced Hien-fung to quit Peking; but we search in vain for any evidence that those of his ministers who accompanied him in his exile either supported this recommendation, or in any way approved of Sang-ko-lin-sin's policy at this juncture. Indeed the evidence is all the other way. The advice was in itself most extraordinary and impolitic, and so irreconcilable with the sagacity displayed by its author on other occasions, as to raise the suspicion that it was prompted by motives of pure personal ambition. But whatever the motive, it met with the most determined opposition from the other Imperial advisers. These at first only employed arguments such they knew would be surest to take effect on their master's "dastardly" character to counteract it: as for instance, the dangers of the road, the vast increase of banditti, the Russian barbarians, the discomfort of a journey in the hot weather of autumn, the impossibility of finding supplies on the road, and of being able, from the exhausted state of the treasury, to provide money for the presents, which have been one of the traditional features of an Imperial journey. One protest, countersigned by as many as seventy-six ministers, spoke out much more plainly. A plan had been suggested by the celestial mind, "that assembling a large force, he should take up a position to the north of Peking." The memorial, while sarcastically eulogizing this scheme, suggests that the common people will not understand it, being "slow of comprehension," and "with difficulty led to appreciate." In fact they would be stupid enough to think that as the barbarians were on the south-east of the capital, a position to the north of it, though taken up "under the semblance of strategy, would in reality be a flight." Other memorials, all setting forth the pernicious nature of Sang-ko-lin-sin's advice, contain such expressions as the following:—

"Your Majesty is well aware of the maxim that the prince is bound to sacrifice himself for his country; but far be it from your ministers at such a time as this to wound your Majesty's feelings by adverting to such thoughts."

Again:—

"In what light does your Majesty regard your people and the altars of your gods? Will you cast away the inheritance of your ancestors like a damaged shoe? What would history say of your Majesty for a thousand future generations?"

"The Capital is the honourable seat of Majesty: and at such a moment especially the sovereign ought to remain in it."

"Should his Majesty now disregard the counsel of his ministers, it must surely hereafter produce in him bitter but unavailing regret."

Such language as this, held, as this correspondence testifies, by the ministers *en masse*, is a proof that, low as China has sunk and as her monarch has sunk, patriotism is not entirely dead in the country; and to whatever extent a war-party may exist, it is clear that some members of it advocate it from notions—whether mistaken or not, matters little—of what is due to the honour and dignity of their country.

Besides the immense mass of matter bearing upon the main subject which this very moderately-sized volume contains, we find some useful opinions on subjects connected with the military service generally. In the first place, the writer triumphantly vindicates the Armstrong guns against "statements lately made in a military newspaper, and unblushingly re-

peated over and over again by the editor, to the effect that the carriages of these guns were made of rotten wood, and that the whole fabric of the woodwork was unsound." Some useful observations are next made on the subject of our "Military Train" services. The gallant colonel thinks that it is a mistake to provide the horses of this arm of the service with the heavy military trappings now furnished them. The men have so much to do in "cleaning and burnishing all this wonderful complication of straps and buckles, that they are obliged to leave the cleaning and feeding of their horses to the native drivers." Such a man's sole business ought to consist "in the careful supervision of the transport animals, carts and drivers, and when on the march assisting those who break down." "It is a mistake," continues the colonel in another place, "to drill a man as a soldier who will never be called upon to perform a soldier's duties." We might just as well drill as fighting men the Commissariat Staff Corps,—i.e. "the butchers, bakers, and clerks, or the Medical Staff." . . . "The Military Train should consist of men drilled to ride well, and to manage and tend horses, mules, and bullocks. They should be skilful "in the loading and unloading of carts, and in the repair of accidents."

Some other hints are upon "the absurdity of supposing that an enemy can be destroyed by an infantry fire delivered at long ranges," which appear to us a sly back-hander at the mode of instruction pursued at Hythe; and again, some most useful remarks will be found upon the subject of "looting," and upon the unjust and impolitic system which is followed in the distribution of prize-money to the British soldier. The book, indeed, abounds in information, which our limited space forbids us even to point out specifically, and of which the chapter relating to the Tai-pings and the author's residence among them is not the least curious. As might be expected, Colonel Wolsley mostly excels in his description of battle incidents, of which that of the action of the 21st September is perhaps the best specimen. His style is not always very pure, but there is a manly frank tone about the entire narrative which must make it popular with most readers.

MR. TURNBULL'S CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS.*

MR. TURNBULL is not an adroit man. He writes his preface with a pompous and laboured mannerism, as heavy as the real Johnsonian style which he affects; and in his opening pages assures us that the interest of the period of Edward VI. turns upon its domestic policy, although his own publication consists entirely of foreign correspondence.

The wordiness of Mr. Turnbull's introduction very nearly deterred us altogether from diving into the calendar, to the value of which it does very inadequate justice. With the assistance, however, of an excellent index, we took heart of grace, and will do our best to give our readers a sketch of the miscellaneous contents of a volume comprising three hundred and fifty-eight closely printed pages, and extending over the interval from 1547 to 1553.

Neither France nor Scotland were favourable to England at this time. Thomas Stukeley

details "a private conversation with the French King, who apprised him of his intention to invade England as soon as he had made peace with the Emperor; his plan being to attack Calais and land near Falmouth, the Duke of Guise at the same time landing at Dartmouth with supplies, and the Scots entering into Northumberland." The Scottish ships pillaged the Emperor's subjects and the Portuguese traders, and even "spoiled the King's subjects" off the west and east coasts of England; similar annoyances were experienced off Lubbeck, Dieppe, and Newhaven, and the vessels were provided with a "sort of Greek fire." Denmark sent thirty ships to annoy England, the King being promised by the wily Henry II. that his brother should marry the Scottish Queen, though he intended nothing less. The preparation of galleys and great ships and the movements of troops to the seacoast, threatened danger on the part of France, and Mr. Turnbull, with a spirit of petty nationality, worthy of the silly correspondence in the *Times* about the place of the Scottish lion in the royal standard, actually is weak enough to print in great capitals, "The Scottish spirit was not broken by defeat," alluding to the battle of Pinkie. There was really not much danger from France: the disreputable King was toying with his mistresses, hunting, or taken up with tiltings, masques, and processions, and wholly neglected State affairs, while the intriguing Mary of Guise, though her object was known to be intended to foment ill-will between England and France, received a safe-conduct from the English Government to visit Henry, and on her return was invited to dine with our own Edward. At first she was "in the French Court made a goddess," but at last "she made all weary of her, from the high to the low, being such an importunate beggar for herself and her chosen friends." Perhaps the wisest act on the part of the English Government was the cession of Boulogne to France, for a payment of four hundred thousand crowns.

An incidental mention of London acquaints us with a piece of statistical information, which may be classed among "things not generally known." "All men out of wages are taken up, but whereunto it is not known. Five hundred or six hundred men waited on the Mayor and Aldermen, complaining of the late influx of strangers, and that by reason of the great dearth they cannot live for these strangers, whom they were determined to kill up through the realm, if they found no remedy. To pacify them the Mayor and Aldermen caused an estimate to be made of all strangers in London, which showed an amount of forty thousand, beside women and children, for the most part heretics fled out of other countries. Details of precautionary and restrictive orders issued by the municipal authorities accordingly." The savageness of this complaint is contrasted happily by the sagacious welcome extended to the Flemings by Elizabeth and to the industrious Huguenots after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

One of the more curious topics alluded to in the volume is the importation of German engineers from Frankfort, to work English mines. Mr. Joachim Kondelfinger arrived at Antwerp with fifty master mine-workers. The party included a metal founder; two others for making shafts, tunnels, and trenches of mines; two carpenters to descend into mines and prop each side of the shafts and passages; one who thoroughly understood the system of draining and carrying off water; and another who was experienced in the assay of all metals; two smiths to make the tools; two colliers to work the coal; two

men to separate the sulphur; and twenty pioneers, good, strong, and experienced, and unmarried if possible, but all with harness and weapons, and long harquebuse. One was to be cunning in baking rock alum, and two were to combine agriculture with mining operations, being charged to bring over "the seed of the open pine and deal, to sow the same according to the nature of the soil, to increase the forests, both of England and Ireland." By a curious arrangement, good kerseys, to the value of £1000, was to be consigned to a merchant of Antwerp, and forwarded to Nuremberg for exchange with the Governor of Sibenburgen, in Hungary, in order to raise an annual income by the Hungarian gold and ducats received in barter, "to be arranged for the benefit of his Majesty." However, the kerseys never arrived, and we lose sight of poor Kondelfinger and his merry men wandering disconsolately along the quays of Antwerp, and waiting for the money from England, which, it is only too probable, never came at all. As regards "the fir-trees, called abietes," we learn from another letter that they were at this period regularly imported from Flanders.

This account of early mining is unique; for Gray, in his *Chorographia*, written about eighty years after this period, to which he specially alludes, observes that the coal trade then began; "coals in former times being only used for smiths and for burning of lime; but wood, as decaying, and cities and towns growing populous, made the trade increase yearly." It was a singular coincidence that in the same year in which the German engineers were to open the mineral wealth of England, the Spaniards opened the silver mines of Potosi. Those who are curious to pursue this very interesting subject will find ample details in Agricola's work, *De Re Metallica*, and published in 1561, but written also in the year 1550. Germany establishes her claim in it to be considered the parent and classical country of mining. The applications of machinery were numerous and complicated, including the horse-gin, the water-wheel with double buckets arranged in reverse order, chain pumps and cog wheel-work, cranks and beams, bellows with air-tubes attached for ventilation, and waggons upon wheels underground,—a great advance upon the sledges then in use. Some few years later the Germans made known in this country the practice of blasting of rocks by gunpowder.

People in those days, as now, did not invariably attend church for the sole purpose of saying their devotions. At Augsburg and Strasburg, exceptionally, the Protestants had a separate place, whereas in the other towns of the empire, they shared the churches with the Roman Catholics. The time was that of the meeting of the Diet; and a correspondent writes of the Augsburg folks that "the Emperor (who was growing into a notable pensiveness) being present, the people be so fervent and earnest in religion, as I never saw. I am sure yesterday there were in a little church of the Protestants, far not so big as the Parliament House, about six thousand persons, stages being purposely made round about, as be used in England in disquisitions." At Nuremberg there was yet a more curious sight: "their store of corn, which is incredible for the plenty and the years thereof. I saw a house," writes Sir Richard More, "three hundred and sixty feet long, of six stories on each side, and on every story above two thousand quarters of corn, not one grain of which hath not been there upwards of two hundred years, as they swore unto me, and their writings testify. I have sent to Mr. Cecil wheat of that age, and reason that have been kept above a hundred years. They have

* *Calendar of State Papers: Foreign Series, 1547-1553.* Edited by W. B. Turnbull, of Lincoln's Inn. Under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the sanction of H.M.'s Secretary of State for the Foreign Department. (Longmans.)

eighteen of these houses; so much plenty that their poverty never feeleth any dearth, the price, within a shilling a quarter, being always one, as concerning the poor." An ordinance limiting the price of bread issued to the poor is therefore no new discovery of imperial Paris.

A singular circumstance is related with respect to Mary Queen of Scots; an archer of the guard, who escaped into Ireland, is said to have designed to poison her. The correspondent says that it was a conspiracy of some discontented Scots, but that is sheer profanity in Mr. Turnbull's eyes, and he gratuitously suggests that it was a base design of English cunning for the union of the two kingdoms in the person of Edward VI. Ireland was a "difficulty" in statecraft, owing to its intrigues with France in those days; and Somerset fervently wished that "these Irish wild beasts should be hunted down." A late eminent statesman is said to have expressed his opinion that there would be no peace for England until the sister island had been under water during four-and-twenty hours; Puff's complaint in the *Critic*, that Shakespeare had the only advantage of him in point of time, is verified in this case, for the Receiver-General of Brittany devoutly wished "that Scotland were in a fish-pool."

While the Court dames were so "gorgeously beset with gems, both their heads and bodies, that a man would have thought that all the jewels in Christendom had been assembled together," France was worn out with exactions; proclamations were issued to "restrain freedom of speech touching the King and the Council," though "they were wont in their farces to spare no man, but now they are bridled for that point;" and Sir J. Masone coolly "desires the like restriction were in England;" the power of the Pope, however, to interfere with ecclesiastical matters there had been taken away, although his agents might collect as usual. The Spaniards were everywhere unpopular, and were "chiefly famous at an assault;" the day of their national degeneracy was at hand, for seven millions of gold had been received from Peru.

The unfortunate ambassadors, whose correspondence furnishes the bulk of the volume, complain bitterly of the irregular payment of their salaries. France was an expensive residence, and they go through every gradation of begging and expostulation: first they ask for their money with a facetious joke, then they become impatient, and in their last stage urgent and querulous. Their daily allowance was five marks, but, like other gentlemen of fashion, their expenses were double that sum, and could only be met by raising money at the rate of forty per cent., besides interest in consequence of the depreciation of the currency. Their credit was soon exhausted in England; their plate followed; and they hint, except they receive their arrears, they will be driven to do the same by the King's. "The Treasurer," says one of them, "maketh none other answer but that he hath no money. I would to heaven I could be excused by the like answer to my steward here." There were other sufferers in a similar predicament, and reduced to adopt the same expedients. A hundred marks were paid for the accommodation of £100 at Bruges, and the Emperor himself borrowed from his own subjects at the rate of eighteen per cent.; in France it was forty, and at Brussels twenty-five per cent. But it must be remembered that the luxury of bills of exchange was then unknown, and money could not be transmitted without great risk and cost, for land carriage was exposed to perils of thieves, and the sea was swept by privateers. This "quotidian fever, which is clepit in

French tongue faut d'argent," still "remains among many living," and nowadays, as then, "beggary can be better borne than despair of help."

The manners of the period receive incidental illustration. We are shown a lively picture of a tourney in honour of the coronation at Boulogne, where the prize was a plume of feathers, and the shields were set upon trees, near "a forced house," in which the comers were feasted during three days. Some of the challengers rode habited like Turks, others "suited in pilgrims' apparel of black velvet;" and the rest "each in his colours of silk apart for knowledge;" the challengers having made a preliminary procession round the ring under their "padrino," engaged the enemy "in their holting harness, and ran the one against the other with coronet staves, and in the second counter met so freely that both went to the ground, their harness flying about the field, and their horses astonished." On the last day six Flemings sounded the drum against all comers. "The time came, and the Fleming in his boat with a drum and a lance on his thigh after the manner; one poor Englishman had gotten a boat, and having a lance in his hand, met once and failed; the second time the Fleming lost his spear, the third time the Englishman overthrew the Fleming into the water, who was in danger of drowning."

At that time a duellist's second was called his "father" (the reason of the appellation might puzzle an *Edipus*), as we find in a description of a meeting between two French gentlemen and officers. "Either of them choosing his father, and having a sword and cape, being in his hose and doublet, unarmed joined together, while the said Francis politely traversed both for the advantage of the ground and sun, not striking vainly, but with advantage also, so at the last he with a feign hit the other about the upper part of the thigh, where-with he fainted and called for his father, who, according to the appointment among themselves made, would not answer, but let them alone. And then again the said Francis stroke him on the forehead, wherewith he fell down, and therewith Francis killed him out of hand." The brutality and cowardice of the "polite" Francis are only equalled by this cool narrative of Lord Grey to the Lord Protector. The Imperialists were no better, for they were "a cruel sort of soldiers; they kill by hand-fuls at once, and yet they have such plenty of enemies, that neither drowning them nor knocking them can so rid them, but they give them camisadoes all night long;" a species of warfare since adopted by our street-friend Punchinello and his numerous foes. There were feuds of the tongue quite as difficult to decide as those which distract the Court of Arches and Privy Council; for John, Duke of Saxony, writes to Edward VI. an answer to his exhortation that he would procure a "suspension of controversies," declaring that "of all things the most difficult is to settle religious differences, especially at this advanced age of the world, when every one thinks he has found the truth, lest the old serpent should bite the heel of him who tramples on him. These dissensions arise in consequence of many being misled by philosophical speculations and civil wisdom, withdrawing from the Confession of Augsburg." Unfortunately, there is always a chimerical panacea like that Confession of Augsburg. We find a precedent for the famous night attacks at Chatham, at Portsmouth, in the design of the Prince of Piedmont to "skirmish his bands by torchlight on horseback, having for that purpose prepared great store of light and hollow balls of clay;" al-

though the practical Queen suggested that it "was time to skirmish with enemies, and not against friends."

The Pope "reckoned to be a man of very heady, sudden, and unadvised mind in his determinations," in order that "part of his friends should keep themselves from the rain this winter, sold them thirteen red hats, for the price of 280,000 ducats, for to help the continuance of his war against the French King." "He trotted up and down from French to Imperials, and from Imperials to French, who hath gain for his good, and loss for his greatest evil." He excommunicated Duke Octavio, his gonfaloniere, and "all who gave him aid;" and Morsyine asked the French Ambassador "how it fared with his master; was he, with all his, yea, and his horses, not excommunicated also?" "Ma foy," said he, "his words are very large, and perhaps he may stir hornets so long that the sting will stick when he shall be well able to pull it out." Wise men divine the course of the present and the prospect of the future by the experience of the past. A meteor, about this time, less imaginary than that of Chorley, which recently hoaxed the *Times*' editor, appeared at Rome. "The last of March, somewhat afore midnight, over Castle St. Angelo, a great fire in the air, like a great round ball, giving a great light the space of one quarter of an hour, insomuch that for the time a man might have read any letter; and then the said fire broke in three pieces, these being reckoned tokens of fearful signals." "His Hollowness," as Morsyine called the Pope, "sent a double-dealing cardinal to the Emperor," and with unusual wit, "the Germans sent him out in a garment all full of eagles on the outside, and full of fleur-de-lis in the inside."

If the Pope was harassed by "Italian tumults," Tuscany was tormented with wolves, "so infested that the country is a hell. But what is more marvellous, his Excellency having ordered a very great hunt, in which he participated with about three thousand men, and beat the country for eight days with five hundred dogs, having netted it all round, they have been unable to find more than one wolf, in spite of their number. These wolves, approaching a fold of cattle, leave them, and assail the shepherds, whose viscera they alone devour, leaving the rest of the body without the smallest injury to the flocks. Since July, among the Pistolesse, they have destroyed two hundred and fifty persons, men, women, and children. They go into the cottages, and take the children out of the cradles; and these animals have this peculiarity, that they so alarm those who see them as to deprive them, in a manner, of consciousness."

The History of the Interim and the Protestant movement in Saxony, the wars in Italy, with the episode of "the women and highest ladies carrying fascines to a bastion in course of construction," during the siege of Sienna, the invasions of Hungary by the Turks until Duke Maurice finally repulsed them, and many very interesting details in the life of Charles V. are freely given, with truth and simplicity. One of the most graphic scenes recorded in these pages is that of the delivery of the standard by the Signory of Venice to—

"Maestro Stephano Teypolo, the General, a man of the age of seventy years, goodly, grave, and witty, in presence of the Duke and about three hundred gentlemen, all clothed in crimson velvet, damask, and satin, together with the ambassadors. The General was clothed with a train of crimson velvet to the ground, and his undergarment down to his foot was of crimson satin, his uppermost garment being open on the right side, with buttons of gold on his shoulder as big as hens' eggs, much after the

parliament robes. After a solemn Mass of the Holy Ghost, the same great standard was consecrated, there and then delivered by the Duke to the General, kneeling. The standard being carried by his admiral, the General was accompanied to his galley by the Duke and the rest of the company with trumpets, drums, and shot of ordnance. The galley was gorgeously appointed, having on each side twenty-five banks, every bank of four oars and a piece of ordnance between every bank, beside other great pieces couched in the fore-part and other places, bravely furnished with all things thereunto belonging. About twenty thousand people were present, whose cheerful and respectful demeanour towards their superiors was chiefly to be noted, which, as the General said, is to be ascribed to their education when young, and by reason whereof all the government here proceeds with an incredible quiet and good order."

Horses were so scarce in England that their exportation was forbidden, and negotiations were commenced with Albert of Brandenburg for the supply of cavalry to England. Unfortunately, there is only a mere entry of the "invention of an arquebus," which, Mr. Turnbull says, "appears almost anticipatory of the 'revolver' of the present day." The historian of literature may glean some information from the correspondence, relating chiefly to books which were supplied by the ambassadors for Sir W. Cecil's library.

It is only an act of common justice to make a passing allusion to that agitation which induced Mr. Turnbull to surrender his position; and to confess frankly that it would puzzle the most jaundiced critic of the deepest Orange complexion, even were he as keen-eyed as the eagle or Epidaurian serpent of Horace, to detect partisanship or suppression in these pages.

SHORT NOTICES.

1. *The Children's Picture Book of the Sagacity of Animals*. Illustrated with sixty engravings by Harrison Weir. 2. *Paul Duncan's Little by Little*. A Story for Young Folks. Edited by Frank Freeman. (Sampson Low and Co.) The advent of Christmas is as usual ushered in with many charming additions to juvenile literature. The tastes of boys and girls are amply satisfied in these days. Our best writers and our ablest artists cater for their enjoyment, and find the occupation as pleasant as it is profitable. Here is a picture-book by Mr. Harrison Weir, containing a perfect menagerie on wood. We need not say that the animals are admirably drawn, and that the stories are told in the woodcuts almost as clearly as in the letterpress. *Paul Duncan's Little by Little* is adapted for English readers from an American story. Paul is a boy-hero of the right sort, and prospers in the world, as heroes always do in tales, and ought to do in life. His affection for his mother, his courage and perseverance, and his deeds of daring on the sea, will make him a favourite with all young readers. They must not, however, inquire too curiously whether Paul's extraordinary success is the ordinary effect of Paul's conduct.

Montrose; and other Biographical Sketches. (Sampson Low.) The "other sketches" in this volume, more than half of which is devoted to an admirably written tribute to the memory of Montrose, bring before us in picturesque attire, Dr. Johnson, Beau Brummel, and M. de Tour, a Frenchman, whose doings in America two hundred years since are worthy of record, since they are described so well. This volume, written by an American, is a fair sample of the faults and merits of our own periodical literature of the highest class. Graphic, lively, teeming with allusions and illustrations, full of salient points, warm in colour, well defined in outline, the style of the author wins the eye at a glance. The reader will be attracted by the pleasant company into which he is thrown, by sunny bits of landscape, and life-like photographs of

personages who passed off the stage long years ago. But as he turns over the pages he will observe several passages written for effect—"fine writing" of the best kind, indeed, but still betraying the most prominent faults which belong to that kind of composition. The writer is discursive, paradoxical, sometimes even sentimental; and if his sketches are full of vigour, they are also greatly wanting in repose. Neither the life of Montrose, nor the three other brief sketches contained in the volume, call for any special comment. It is pleasant to find Johnson's manly English nature so thoroughly appreciated by an American; interesting, too, it is to see how completely a Republican can identify himself with all that was chivalrous and loyal in the character of Graham. Not even Napier himself is more zealous in his defence of the great Marquis than the anonymous writer of this biography. There are certain characters in English history which, although covered with the dust of centuries, we still applaud or oppose with party vehemence and personal feeling. One of these characters is Montrose, and we have yet to look for an impartial estimate of this illustrious Scotchman.

History of the Colonial Empire of Great Britain. By Browne H. E. Roberts, B.A. (Longmans.) The contents of this volume by no means correspond with its title. We doubt greatly whether Mr. Roberts is qualified to grapple with a subject so comprehensive as the history of our Colonial Empire. That history involves so many great principles, it embraces so many great facts, it dovetails so marvellously with some of the social and political problems which have agitated society, that to deal with it adequately demands genius as well as research. We do not find fault with Mr. Roberts for not being an historian; we merely object to the title of his volume as incorrect and pretentious, which the book itself is not. Mr. Roberts's work is serviceable, and may be advantageously used for reference, since it contains in a compact form a large variety of dates and facts. Most of these might indeed be found in *The Student's Home*, and other books of a similar character; but Mr. Roberts has treated of our Colonies consecutively, and it is convenient to be able to refer to his pages for statistical information. Even in this respect however we note deficiencies, which should be supplied if the work ever reaches a second edition. We are curious to know on what ground Mr. Roberts asserts, that if England consulted her own interest, Hongkong would be abandoned with as little delay as possible. "The financial prospects of the colony are not," he says, "of a very encouraging character." But on referring to the official returns, we find that in 1859 Hongkong could boast of a population of 90,000, and that the revenue for that year was 600,000 dollars; yet when we took possession of the island it consisted of little more than a few fishing-huts. If we add to this, that nearly 1000 vessels with cargoes entered the port of Victoria during last year, we are justified in asserting the commercial prosperity of the colony, unless indeed other facts can be adduced which would prevent such a conclusion. In this respect Mr. Roberts's error may be one of judgment or perhaps of carelessness—for we observe he quotes as recent a statement of Mr. Martin's upon the population of the settlement, which was made several years ago—but why in his account of British settlements does Mr. Roberts totally omit Pegu, a province which is about one-fourth larger than Ireland, with a rapidly increasing though not large population, with a capital that boasts 55,000 inhabitants, with imports worth last year more than a million and a half sterling, and with its majestic forests of teak, a wood which surpasses the oak for purposes of ship-building, and now being largely employed in our dockyards. Such a province—through which we believe eventually Western China will be opened up to British enterprise—is certainly too important to be omitted from the barest catalogue of our settlements; and in a work which pretends to be not merely a summary of colonial intelligence, but a history of our colonial empire, such an omission is unpardonable.

Examination of the Principles of the Scots-Oxonian Philosophy. By Timologus. (Chapman.) To those of our readers who may enjoy a brief ex-

cursor into that subtle and attenuated atmosphere which few can breathe without intellectual vertigo, we commend the perusal of the short but logically reasoned argument of this pamphlet. Whoever the veiled Timologus may be (whose incognito we confess ourselves puzzled to construe by any classical precedent, and whose scholarship we suspect to be less powerful than his skill in dialectics), he has certainly succeeded in exposing, by a close and summary process, the inherent self-destructiveness of the Scots-Oxonian criterion of truth. Sharp and scorpion-like as are the thrusts of the Northern logician, and his interpreter the Waynflete Professor, their poisonous sting is made, as he girds it with the fire of his argumentation, to turn inwards with fatal vehemence; and the struggle to terminate, as he not unjustly boasts, in "metaphysical suicide." Great at first, as we know, had been the exultation in orthodox circles, when the critical philosophy of the "unconditioned" was wielded by the cunning hand of the Bampton Lecturer to shake the edifice of the Rationalists. But it soon appeared that the intrepid reasoner had, Samson-like, buried himself with friend and foe under the ruins his hand had caused. In the short compass of a couple of sheets the present essay convincingly shows that the same arguments which deny to Reason the power to apprehend the Infinite or the Absolute, preclude it equally in the case of Faith or Belief; the result being to establish a gulf between the mind of man and the idea of Divinity under any of its proper aspects, which Mr. Mansel had claimed to bridge over by invoking the duty of belief antecedent and superior to pure reason. For, briefly to consider the arguments by which Hamilton and Mansel seek to establish their positions—taking the crucial test of several categories or conditions—in the consciousness of every object (and therefore of every Absolute thing or being), there is necessarily implied the idea of relation, distinction, a reference to time, and a limitation by conditions. Similarly, as regards the Infinite, the same universal impediments to knowledge, viz. difference, relation, and the condition of limit, are intellectually inherent in the idea. But, whereas belief, no less than thought, implies relation, difference, and conscious limits, this argument is just as cogent to prove the *incredibility* of the Infinite or the Absolute as its *incogitability*. If valid, we must conclude from it that whether we pretend to construct an Infinite (*i.e.* Divine) object of thought or of belief, our language, in either case, destroys itself by contradiction. The same consequence follows from the Hamiltonian doctrine of the purely negative nature of the notion of the Infinite. For if the Infinite is no more than this, it cannot itself be distinguished from the infinitesimal, which is equally negative of the finite; and the belief in an infinite God becomes indistinguishable from the belief in an infinitesimal God. But Mr. Mansel takes refuge in another class of ideas, which he refers to a regulative, not a speculative, basis. "It is our duty," he insists, "to think of God as personal, and it is our duty to think that he is infinite." Yet how can that be our duty which we find wholly incogitable, and whence can that duty be substantiated save on the prior demonstration of the source from whence all obligation must be deduced? The result being but a vicious circle, and perpetually recurring struggle against a primary confusion of ideas. With the best intentions, the dialectical subtlety of the Oxford champion has but redounded to the mortification of his orthodox clients, and to the triumph of a school which had, but for his gratuitous evocations, been numbered with the sepulchred and forgotten dead. Well may the alarmed orthodoxy of the Church stay the invited denunciation of her foes, the Spinozas, Schellings, and Hegels of the day, with the words of gentle expostulation—"Neither curse them at all nor bless them at all."

Tales of all Countries. By Anthony Trollope. (Chapman and Hall.) The English public has adopted Mr. Trollope as a favourite author, and might naturally feel a little sensitive at any of his literary efforts coming before it second-hand; but if he has occasionally lent his pen to the entertainment of our transatlantic friends, he makes the *amende honorable* to us by collecting the scattered morsels and publishing them at home in the more satisfac-

tory form of a book. To those who read the better class of American periodicals, the *Tales of all Countries* are not new; but, simple as they are, they will bear re-perusal in their present shape, and although merely the productions of his lighter labours, will be admired by all who are acquainted with the author's more ambitious writings. Each tale springs from a trifling incident, is told with spirit, and is free from superfluous detail. Mr. Trollope is one who evidently turns to account all that he sees or hears, and in a manner so pleasant and acceptable to his readers, that he is sure to be successful in whatever way he may cater for them. His late work on the West Indies and the Spanish Main is a surety of his talent for quick observation, and his readiness to adapt every circumstance to the purpose of interesting and informing. Even where his representations are not faultless, there is so much cleverness withal, that the errors become venial. In the stories before us we have various shades of human character portrayed briefly, but distinctly. Who in his experience of the world has not met with the counterpart of "La Mère Bauche"? the prim, precise, and inflexible old lady, possessing good points in spite of her rigid exterior and green spectacles, but keeping them out of sight under cover of a stern sense of responsible duty to herself and her "belongings" which, in the end—what with false exactness and pride—brings about much the same moral results that we read of in many histories of every-day life—destruction to the happiness of those most beloved. "La Mère Bauche" lives always, and elsewhere than at "Vernet." In the "O'Conors of Castle O'Conor" Mr. Trollope is quite Irish in his keen perception of the ridiculous, and in his method of describing the agonizing perplexities of Mr. Green, in his only alternative for "pumps," i.e. dancing shoes. Englishmen fond of travelling, may find a cap to fit in "John Bull on the Guadalquivir," and, whilst laughing at the ludicrous discomfiture of "John Pomfret" on recognizing in the person of a distinguished foreign nobleman, the identical being with whom he had lately taken liberties in a most "haughty, coarse, brutal, and perfectly self-confident" manner,—may learn a lesson how to "eat an onion as an onion should be eaten." John Pomfret's curiosity and his crude way of satisfying it is, as a general rule, thoroughly English; and it is a pity that all offenders against good-breeding cannot meet with a Marquis d'Almaviva when they commit themselves, and bring home a "button" also with them, as a suggestive token for the future. We thought so, very strongly, in the case of our countrywomen and the supposed relics of General Chasse, detailed in another story, and were quite disappointed to read that they had left these mementos of the gallant General behind them, at realizing their fatal mistake in having laid violent hands on the nether garments of the Rev. Augustus Horace instead. Not forgetting his trip to the West Indies, Mr. Trollope gives us another peep into Jamaica life, and "Miss Sarah Jack, of Spanish Town, Jamaica," is by no means a superficial sketch of the young lady's contemporaries in that society. There is a great deal of earnest sympathy expressed by Mr. Trollope, with the "decadence" of Jamaica and its prospects. At the beginning of the above tale he says, "Jamaica was one of those spots on which fortune shone with the full warmth of her noon-day splendour. That sun has set; whether for ever or no, none but a prophet can tell; but, as far as a plain man may see, there are at present but few signs of a coming morrow, or of another summer. It is not just or proper that one should grieve over the misfortunes of Jamaica with a stronger grief because her savannahs are so lovely, her forests so rich, her mountains so green, and her rivers so rapid; but it is so. It is piteous that a land so beautiful should be one which fate has marked for misfortune." His words are but the echoes of the lament which springs from the heart of every true West-Indian. The remaining portion of the book contains two or three other stories, of not much special note, but very readable. Miss Dawkins, of "unprotected female" notoriety, is an unamiable character, only too often met with—a sort of cross between Becky Sharp and Mrs. Cosmo Cook. Placed together as they are, we think that the *Tales of all Countries* must meet with favour at most hands.

Carnee; or, the Victim of Khondistan. By A. R. M. (Hamilton and Adams.) Revelations from time to time startle Europe of the barbarities still practised, either openly or covertly, in India, despite the efforts of Government to abolish them by every means the authorities are allowed to employ. The narrative in this little volume has the object, which we may wish attained, of exciting stronger measures against the revolting sacrifices than those which have yet been sanctioned by Parliament. The authoress writes with great feeling.

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PÈRE LACORDAIRE.

Just as we went to press last week, France lost one of her first and foremost orators, the Abbé Lacordaire. A few lines may be well devoted this week to a brief outline of his life and career.

Jean Baptiste Henri Lacordaire, the son of a physician, was born at Recey-sur-Orce, in the Côte d'Or, in May, 1802. He was brought up in early childhood by a religious mother, who sent him at ten years old to the Lycée at Dijon. There he imbibed much of the philosophy of the revolutionary school, and, we are told, showed a fiery and independent spirit which it was difficult to govern or control. He spent the best part of his leisure-time in reading tragedies and other dramas, which he

would recite with appropriate gestures. Passing to the Law School of Dijon, he became deeply entangled in metaphysical questions, and was gradually led, through disgust at the scepticism which he had imbibed at school, to attempt the task of reconciling faith with reason, the principle of authority with intellectual inquiry. He became a leading member of the debating club belonging to the Law School, and created there a great impression of his ability. In 1822 he came to Paris, and took up his residence with a lawyer of the Cour de Cassation. He obtained some share of business in the Law Courts, and showed sufficient ability to attract the attention of M. Berryer. But sated with fame, or more probably despising it in his heart, he threw off his lawyer's robe, and resolved to devote himself henceforth heart and soul to the cause of religion. In 1828 he was ordained a priest, and shortly afterwards was appointed Assistant-Almoner of the Collège Henri IV. This post he held for about a year, when he found himself suddenly seized with a mania for missionary work; and he had gone so far as to arrange for his departure for America in that capacity, when the Revolution of July occurred. This event gave birth to the promise of freedom in thought and action throughout France, and raised in his mind speculations as to the possibility of uniting Liberalism with Catholicity. This was the leading feature of the teaching of the Abbé Lamennais; and with him he now joined in starting a periodical, called *L'Avenir*, for the purpose propagating their joint opinions; but, having suffered one or two prosecutions, and finding the publication condemned by the authorities at Rome, he abandoned his undertaking, and by so doing, forfeited the friendship of Lamennais himself.

In 1834, Lacordaire was appointed to preach at the Collège Stanislaus, where he showed that, although he had abandoned the *avenir* at the bidding of the Pope, he had by no means given up the theory of leading the intellects of his hearers to confirm their faith. With this view, he delivered a series of sermons, clothed with the brightest imagery that a glowing imagination could suggest, which he had the mortification to find condemned by the clergy and stopped by the Government authorities, as likely to "upset the minds of young men." However, in the following year, the Archbishop of Paris, regardless of prejudice and the demons of detraction, opened to him the pulpit of Notre Dame. During the Lent of that and of the next year, he delivered to the young men of Paris that series of Conferences which electrified a great portion of Roman Catholic Europe, and which have been ever since inseparable from his name. These lectures are of the highest order, not only of eloquence but of intellect, and, proceeding mainly upon *a priori* grounds, require for their due comprehension a refined and educated audience—an advantage which they did not fail to secure at Notre Dame. These sermons have been translated into English by Mr. Henry Langdon, and have had a very wide circulation in England.

In 1836, Lacordaire repaired to Rome for the purpose of prosecuting his studies in theology still further. Whilst there, he delivered another series of Conferences, at the invitation of the Archbishop of Metz, which commanded the same attention as he had received in Paris. Before he left Rome, however, he had formed a resolution of exchanging the robe of a secular clergyman for the cowl of a "religious;" and in 1839 he entered a convent of the Dominican Order at Rome, where he "pronounced" his vows, and prefixed to his baptismal name the name of Dominic.

The rest of the story of his life is soon told. In 1841 he reappeared in the pulpit of Notre Dame, in the white woollen dress of the Dominican Order, with his shaven crown and scapular, and maintained as a "religious" the popularity which had attended him as a secular preacher. In 1848, soon after the Revolution, he was returned to the Legislative Assembly, where his Dominican garb produced the most extraordinary sensation. The orator of Notre Dame, however, found himself out of place in the popular Assembly, and he accordingly resigned his seat, after a few weeks. In the following year he established in France a new house of his Order, fixing upon Chalais, a rude old building of the twelfth or thirteenth century, a few leagues from Grenoble and the Grande Chartreuse. His subsequent appearance in the pulpits

of Nancy, Bordeaux, Lyons, and Grenoble, were so many ovations. In 1853 he was forbidden to preach in Paris, owing to some political allusions which fell from his lips whilst preaching at the church of St. Roch. A few years later he undertook the superintendence of the College of Sorrèze, in the south of France, where death overtook him, after a long illness, on Friday, the 22nd instant, at the age of fifty-nine.

We should not omit to state that last year Lacordaire was elected to the chair in the French Academy left vacant by the death of M. de Tocqueville, and that on that occasion he delivered a magnificent oration, which is probably fresh in the memories of our readers.

It is remarked, and with great force and truth, by a writer in a daily contemporary, that, "as a preacher, Lacordaire essentially addressed, not the women, but the young men of France, and that among women he was by no means so effective"—a strong contrast herein, by the way, to our own popular preachers, whose great strength lies among the bonnets. The real truth is, that Lacordaire, though a tragedian by education, never appealed to the feelings and emotions, but to the reasoning faculties, which are almost always weak or absent among our fairer sisters both in England and in France. Lacordaire was dangerous by the unassailable cogency of his hard logical deductions. He eschewed the inductive process, and always began at first principles and led down to his conclusions. Hence the abstract character of his Conferences, and their consequent unpopularity as a printed work to the same words as they were preached beneath the fretted roof of Notre Dame.

For the last few months Lacordaire existed rather than lived, and the work of decay was surely and certainly progressive. At last his voice had become enfeebled, and his body thoroughly shattered. The casket was worn out, though the gem within, his pure reason, was bright as ever to the last. He died as he lived, regretted by all who knew him, even by those of his fellow-religionists who most mistrusted the progressive and liberal views of the man; and he has left behind him a name for intellectual ability and oratorical powers which will not readily fade away. The Abbé Lacordaire was clearly a representative man of his age, as the symbol of the union of reason with faith. In this point, to some extent, he agreed with Passaglia and Montalembert; but in many respects he differed from both the one and the other. Though a more fervent Roman Catholic than Lacordaire never lived, still Lacordaire never ceased to inculcate religion upon the basis of the intellectual faculty, asserting that the highest reason and the highest faith were identical, and that pure religion could never be dissevered from pure intellectual apprehension. We all know that any such a doctrine would be sure to meet with the strongest censure of Rome, and that on the ears of English Roman Catholics the words of a man with the sentiments of Lacordaire must have fallen as "idle tales." They admired his eloquence, but shrank from his arguments, both at Rome and in England; and the consequence is that the Abbé Lacordaire died neither a Doctor of Divinity, nor a "Monsignor," nor a prelate, nor a bishop, nor a cardinal, but a plain poor monk in a homely religious Order. *Requiescat in pace.*

THE GERMAN NATIONAL MUSEUM AT NUREMBERG.

For about eight years, Nuremberg, the old German Reichstadt, the home of many goodly artificers in brass, wood, and rhyme, has harboured within its walls an institution which is as singular as it is important, and, above all, is the only really German—not Prussian, or Austrian, or Bavarian, or Reuss-Greiz-Schleitz-Lobenstein—institution existing in Germany. We speak of the German National Museum at Nuremberg, or collection of objects of literature and art exclusively German. Its history is that of all things national in Germany, and its vicissitudes well deserve to be briefly sketched. In 1833, King Ludwig of Bavaria, who, whatever may have been his failings as a King, has always proved a patron of the arts, wrote a letter to Baron von

Aufsess, in which he first communicated to him the desirability of founding some institution or other for the preservation of monuments of national history, literature, and art. In consequence of this letter, a society, at first consisting of forty-six members, was shortly afterwards formed at Nuremberg, with the object of gathering together a collection, as complete as possible, of German historical monuments, partly in originals, partly in copies; Aufsess himself placing the paper which he was then editing, the *Anzeiger für die Kunde der Deutschen Vergangenheit*, at the disposal of the various historical societies in Germany. In the same year, the new society was already able to exhibit a very creditable collection of their own, in a house hired for that purpose. The object proposed not being the heaping up of motley curiosities and rarities, as chance and opportunity might offer, but rather the acquisition of a summary, so to say, of all the German collections of Germany, by means of copies, extracts, and descriptions, so as to be easily accessible to the historian;—the task seemed not only highly laudable, but also comparatively easy. The thing, however, was national, and found little favour in many quarters. Several counter-attempts were made to get up similar collections in Saxony, in Hesse, and elsewhere; and thus none succeeded. So the matter fell almost into oblivion, until in 1846 the idea was revived more vigorously at a brilliant meeting of Germanists, consisting of *savants*, statesmen, historians, lawyers, philologists, &c., which took place at Frankfurt-on-the-Maine. In 1847 a second meeting was held at Lübeck, with the special purpose of taking the matter into immediate consideration; but no definite result was arrived at. The political storms were brewing already. The next meeting, which was to have been held at Nuremberg in 1848, never took place; and not before the year 1852, when the present King of Saxony, who had always shown a vivid interest in the science of German antiquities, accepted the presidency at the meeting of Germanists at Dresden, was the project of the National Museum fairly set afloat. Duke Ernest II., of Coburg, now not only offered it a home at his residence, but also expressed his readiness to add to it the whole of his own collections, while the Grand Duke Charles of Weimar, on his part, offered the Wartburg; but these and other offers were declined, and it was finally resolved—that if the collection was to be the national property of the German people, no more appropriate resting-place could be found than Nuremberg, which has done in its day more perhaps than any other town for the development of German art, and which up to this time bears the most vivid traces of the glorious periods of the German empire. In the meantime the present King of Bavaria, Maximilian II., had declared himself willing to hand over the magnificent old Chartreux of Nuremberg, consisting of a church, cloisters, chapels, &c., to the promoters of the Institution. The Museum grew rapidly, and when in 1853 its collections, scattered in various parts of the town, were removed thither, they were extensive enough to fill up respectably the vast receptacle assigned to them. The building, or rather the block of buildings, had been consecrated to its former religious purpose in 1830, by Marquard Mendel, an old Nuremberg citizen, under the name of Mariaszell. King Wenceslaus had laid the first stone, in the presence of Cardinal Pileus, the Elector of Mentz, the Bishops of Wurtzburg and Bamberg, the Duke Wentzel of Saxony, the Burggraf of Nuremberg, and a host of other princes temporal and spiritual. Down to 1525, the Chartreux had remained a convent; but when both Prior and Convent had gone over to the camp of the Reformers, the place became the property of the city. Since that time it had served many purposes, the last being that of a Royal Bavarian military hay-magazine.

After the formal inauguration of the Museum, the German Bundesversammlung, that baleful nightmare, laid low in 1848, which had, however, resumed its spectral existence in 1850, made it a gracious present of six thousand volumes—the library of the "late National Assembly." The various governments and free towns hastened, now that the stamp of authority was on its brow, to offer up all kinds of donations and gifts, and promised to support it with all their might, by allowing the unlimited use of their archives and collections. The

example was speedily followed by all the nobles and great ones of the land; and consequently, ere long, every one throughout the length and breadth of the country was ready and willing to bestow a tithe of his antiquarian treasures on the favoured Museum. Corporations and societies were, for their part, but too glad to connect themselves with an institution that promised to be of so good service to the common object of antiquarian research.

A society, founded on shares, established, itself independently of the Museum, in order to carry out its financial business, while a committee of *savants*, chosen from the highest ranks of literature, science, and art, had the regulation of scientific matters. The institution being founded principally for historical purposes, the first object was naturally an archive, which should contain not only all the old valuable manuscripts, or at least authenticated copies of them, at present in the unsafe custody of private persons, but also all those which might accidentally be brought to light. For the manuscripts in the various public collections, libraries, &c., a clear and explicit catalogue sufficed; even of these, however, copies were procured where it seemed of greater necessity. Next in importance came the library; and here nothing short of completeness could be aimed at, as far at least as works relating to, or treating of, any branch of German literature, art, science, politics, life, in short, in all its bearings, were concerned. And there was no necessity for promulgating any law of copyright. Three hundred and eighty-three German publishers came forward of their own accord with the offer of a copy of all their publications. The archives contain at this present moment fourteen thousand eight hundred documents, some originals, some copies, while the library consists of thirty-three thousand volumes. That these, as well as all the other objects, are most systematically and lucidly arranged, and subdivided in special collections, need hardly be mentioned.

The original plan of placing likewise before the public an epitome of the commercial and artistic development of former times, down to the year 1650, has been steadily kept in view. A series of rooms has been fitted out in the peculiar manner and taste of the different periods, so as to give complete, well-rounded pictures of their domestic life. Different collections thus grew up of paintings, sculptures, coins, seals, coats-of-arms, medals; of specimens of designing, engraving, weaving, and embroidery, as well as of all the other branches of art and handicraft which ministered to domestic and public convenience. The gallery of art and antiquities contains now eighty-three thousand separate objects, among which eight thousand six hundred are coins and medals, more than thirteen thousand seals and coats-of-arms, while the pictures and miniatures have reached the number of two thousand, and the drawings, engravings, and woodcuts amount to more than six thousand examples, of the most famous masters. Then there are representations of historical events,—of war and peace,—models of monuments and edifices, views of towns, maps, portraits of famous individuals, sepulchral memorials, in all numbering already seven thousand eight hundred sheets. Next come sculptures proper and carvings, both originals and copies, arms and weapons of war, and church and domestic utensils.

One of the principal aids to the rapid completion of these collections, as also at the same time a principal source of income for the Museum, is an artistic institution, which has been added to it, and which contains studios for sculptors, painters, founders, draughtsmen, woodcutters, engravers, lithographers, &c., as well as workshops for the restoration of old and damaged works of art. Here works belonging to other collections are copied for the Museum, while its own originals are multiplied, and the copies sold or exchanged. A good round sum is annually realized by this institution, which is used for the benefit of the Museum.

We will now take a rapid glance over the building itself, so as to get an insight into the disposition of its various divisions. First we enter the "Hall of Sepulchral Monuments," a long cloister running round the choir of the "Hall of Arts" and the Chapel, and containing a vast number of casts of such monuments erected to renowned personages. Next comes the "Hall of Arts," formerly the Church, filled with sculptures and pictures of the

German schools, and including twenty portrait busts of the fourteenth century. In the Lower Vestry we find a rare and complete antique collection of all implements used in divine service, while in the Upper Vestry the archaeologist will rejoice to meet with a rich gathering of very curious religious antiquities, sculptures in ivory and wax, &c. Entering the Chapel, built in 1461, and now again fitted up completely with Roman Catholic paraphernalia, we find a fair number of good sculptures, old pictures, and tapestry. Thence a small vaulted passage leads to the collection of mediæval arms and weapons, which again opens into an oblong court, containing the coats-of-arms of all the German countries and cities, and next to these those of the other German tribes. We get here, likewise, a glimpse of the garden, with its peculiarly interesting historical-botanical division, where all the plants which have been grown in Germany since the days of Charles the Great down to the sixteenth century are to be met with. Passing several special divisions, we enter the antiquarium, where objects belonging to pre-historical periods are arranged geographically, according to the places where they were found.

One of the most interesting and cosy parts of the Museum is the so-called "Ladies' Hall." It follows immediately after the collection of instruments of torture. What the Germans call "gemüthlich" greets us here in old-fashioned but costly wardrobes, carpets, stoves, tables, chandeliers, looking-glasses, stained-glass windows, &c.; nothing, in short, is forgotten of the implements of luxury and use which served our fore-fathers and -mothers; and such favour has this collection found in the eyes of the German ladies, that they have formed last year at Berlin a special society for its support.

A staircase leads up to the "Salon of Arts," where we find a sort of exhibition, *en miniature*, both of the costliest rarities of the archives and of all the other collections. The successive development of the arts of writing, painting, engraving, carving, binding, coining, building, &c., is here explained and shown more clearly at one glance, than any number of special histories of these arts could possibly succeed in doing. Nor are instruments, mathematical, astronomical, chemical, or rather alchemical, forgotten; while the aisle contains a complete collection of such musical instruments as have been used in Germany from the earliest times down to the sixteenth century.

In a room inland with wainscoting of the date 1543, is placed the general Repertory—a clear and well-arranged catalogue, and one that can be used with the greatest possible ease for reference.

Rich as are the individual collections, they are all outdone by the amplitude and gorgeousness of the manuscripts. We believe that for illuminated books of legends, missals, poems, chronicles of towns and convents, emperors and families, for books of armour, of tournaments, of war, collections of sermons, of songs with musical notes, of hymns, law-collections, statutes, deeds both public and private, &c.; very few libraries can compete with it at this present moment, and none perhaps will be able to rival it a very short time hence.

In conclusion, we may mention that the Museum stands in close connection of exchange and communication with one hundred and twenty historical societies, and that it has established already two hundred and eighty-one affiliated institutions all over Germany.

SCIENCE.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

November 20.—Sir R. I. Murchison, V.P.G.S., in the chair.

Charles Sanderson, Esq., C.E., Engineer-in-Chief, Bombay and Baroda Railway, Surat, Bombay; H. Worms, Esq., 27, Park Crescent, Portland Place; Ralph Tate, Esq., Teacher of Natural Science, Philosophical Institution, Belfast, 42, Eglinton Square, Belfast; James Ray Eddy, Esq., Carleton Grange, Skipton; and Haddock Denny, Esq., 3, Percy Terrace, Lower Road, Islington, were elected Fellows.

The following communications were read:—

1. "On the Bovey Basin, Devonshire." By J. H. Key, Esq.; communicated by Sir C. Lyell, F.G.S.

The author first described the physical features of the Bovey Basin, and then the strata, as proved by borings and diggings for clay and lignite. Having pointed out the evidences that exist of the basin having once been a lake in which the several strata of clay, sand, lignite, gravel, &c. were deposited, and having considered the probable conditions of such a lake having been gradually filled up by fluvial deposits brought down from the neighbouring granitic hills, the author remarked:—1st. That the Bovey deposits are composed of materials almost identical with the component parts of granite. 2. The strata run, for the most part, parallel with the outline of the marginal hills, and dip from the sides towards the centre, often thinning away in that direction. 3. The finer material is deposited towards the sides, and the coarser towards the centre. 4. Where the basin is contracted the finer beds often disappear, but thicken where the basin widens. 5. That the upper beds of the northern part are coarser than those of the middle and lower portions. 6. On the eastern side the fine-clay beds are more developed than on the western side. 7. The various beds run in the direction of, and seem to point to, the River Bovey as the source from whence they were derived; but the old outlet of the lake was towards Torbay, and not along the Teign, as it is at present. Some observations on the peculiar absence of animal remains in these deposits, often rich with vegetable remains, concluded the paper, which was illustrated by several original plans, sections, and sketches.

2. "On two Volcanic Cones at the Base of Etna." By Signor G. G. Gemmellaro. Communicated by Sir C. Lyell, F.G.S.

These two cones occur at Paternò and Motta (Sta. Anastasia); and the existing remains of their craters and nuclei were described in detail. The author concludes that these were two contemporaneous doleritic volcanic cones, that were formed in the Post-pliocene period, previous to the deposition of the calcareous tuff of the vicinity of Paternò; also that they were cones of eruption, and not of elevation; for the neighbouring strata are not disturbed; and that they were independent eruptions, and not parasitical cones of Etna.

3. "On some Fossil Brachiopoda of the Carboniferous Rocks of the Punjab and Kashmir, collected by A. Fleming, M.D., &c., and W. Purdon, Esq., F.G.S." By T. Davidson, Esq., F.R.S., F.G.S.

CHEMICAL.

November 21.—Dr. Hoffmann, President, in the chair.

P. McOwan, Esq., was elected a Fellow. Dr. Thudichum read a paper "On Leucic Acid and some of its Salts." The acid was made by treating leucine with nitrous acid gas and exhausting the product with ether. Its formula was determined to be $C_{12}H_{12}O_6$. Dr. Bence Jones read a paper "On the Occurrence of Crystalline Deposits of Phosphate of Lime in Human Urine." The production of these crystals was shown to depend upon the amount of lime in the urine, and upon the degree of its acidity; they could be produced at will by the administration of acetate of lime. Mr. E. J. Mills read a paper "On Sparteine," the volatile oily base obtained by Stenhouse from *Spartium scoparium*. "A hundred and fifty pounds of the plant yielded twenty-two cubic centimetres of sparteine. It was shown to be a diammonic base, having the formula $C_{30}H_{26}N_2$."

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

November 23.—Lord Strangford, President, in the chair.

Arthur Russell, Esq., M.P., and Charles Wells, Esq., were elected Resident Members; and Professor Max Müller, with Dr. J. R. Ballantyne, were elected Honorary Members.

At this, the first meeting of the session, a paper was read by O. De Beauvoir Prieux, Esq., "On the Indian Embassies to Rome, from the reign of Claudius to the death of Justinian, four in number, as noticed by historians, viz. one to Trajan, one to Antoninus Pius, the third to Julian, and the last to Justinian." This communication may be esteemed a continuation to those on the subject of Indian Embassies to Rome, formerly given by Mr. Prieux, and affords him the opportunity of inquiring into

the state of commerce, and the route by which it was carried on during the period in question; also into the amount of information to be gleaned in the works of contemporary writers as to the state of society in India. From these descriptions, Mr. Prialux is enabled to distinguish the Buddhists from the Brahmins; whereas the companions of Alexander the Great appear to have known the Brahmins only. The power and the destruction of Palmyra, the wealth and the decay of Alexandria, with their causes, are investigated. The hope is held out, in conclusion, that in a future paper Mr. Prialux will discuss the very different conditions under which the trade of India returned after a while to Alexandria.

NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.

November 21.—W. S. W. Vaux, Esq., President, in the chair.

Morley Farrow, Esq.; J. H. Hartwright, Esq.; Rev. J. H. Pollexfen; Professor W. Ramsay; and George Sim, Esq., were duly elected Members of the Society.

Mr. Boyne exhibited two Antioch coins of Diadumenianus, and one of Elagabalus.

Mr. Sharpe exhibited a groat of Edward III., the peculiarity consisting in the bust being carried beyond the circle.

Mr. Evans read a paper communicated by S. Sharpe, Esq., "On a sterling of Maria d'Artois," the widow of John I., Count of Namur (who died in 1331), bearing on the reverse the legend, MONETA. MERRAUD. Mr. Sharpe gave an interesting account of this coin, chiefly extracted from an article in the *Revue Numismatique Belge*, by M. de Coster, where the Castle of Meraude is shown to be the same as that of Poilvache, which Maria had purchased in 1342. The question as to the whereabouts of Meraude had puzzled all continental numismatists till M. De la Fontaine, in a letter to M. De Coster, announced that he had found in a charter of the earlier half of the fourteenth century the following statement: "The Castle of Meraude, commonly called Poilvache." This discovery he considered as worthy to be compared with the discovery of America!

Mr. Madden read a paper, communicated by the Rev. Churchill Babington, B.D., "On some unpublished Jewish coins." Among them may be mentioned—one of Antigonus, the smallest known, and remarkable for having a Greek inscription on the same side as the horn of plenty; two of Herod the Great, with the rude tripod and rude helmet; two varieties of Herod Archelaus; and one of the reign of Tiberius, supposed to belong to the class struck by the Procurators,—on all of which Mr. Babington made some interesting observations.

Mr. Madden read a paper, by himself, "On the Imperial and Consular Dress," intended to supply names for the various robes and embroidered dresses that are represented on the coins, and disagreeing with the formulas that are almost always employed, viz. "bust with the *paludamentum*," or "bust with the imperial robe." Mr. Madden mentioned the extreme fondness of the ancients for gaudy robes, alluding to the use of silk and other dresses during the imperial period, and giving the names of the same collected from authorities. Mr. Madden stated that he was of opinion that the treatment of the bust on the imperial coins might be divided into three classes: 1. Ordinary or civil; 2. Military; 3. Consular; and exhibited some coins in proof of this. Mr. Madden concluded by tracing, as far as possible, the various changes in the dress, till that finally adopted as the imperial consular dress.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

November 25.—The Earl de Grey and Ripon in the chair.

Captain F. Campbell, R.N.; Earl Cawdor; Captain H. Christian, R.N.; Sir Charles Clifford; Major-General A. F. Cunyngghame, C.B.; H. Davies, M.D.; Captain C. Dick; Earl of Donoughmore; Rev. W. Ellis; Captain R. J. Hendry; Commander A. H. Hoskins, R.N.; W. Johnson, R.N.; Sir J. J. Randall Mackenzie, Bart.; Captain R. Maguire, R.N.; F. J. Mout, M.D.; Lord Rollo, Don Mariano Felipe Paz Soldan, Lord Talbot de Malahide, Viscount Templeton, W. C. Baldwin, J. Bishop, H. Blanshard, J. Brencley, W. Burges, E. B. Fitton, J. Goldsmid,

F. Gover, D. Grant, D. C. Griffith, J. Heugh, D. J. Hoare, J. Hollingsworth, J. Holms, J. P. Jones, E. Lane, J. W. Maclure, R. Mann, W. S. F. Mayers, J. Milligan, R. Owen, G. H. Pinckard, D. Reid, J. Searight, W. J. Sharpe, J. Smith, R. J. Spiers, M. Spofforth, J. W. Tayler, W. Ursher, E. H. Walker, W. Walker, J. H. Watson, C. J. Wingfield, and J. A. Youl, Esquires, were elected Fellows.

The Papers read were:—

1. "Australian Explorations: Return of M'Douall Stuart to Adelaide." Mr. Stuart started from Morphett Creek, 19° S. lat., 134° long., on the 28th of April, and pursued his course along the Whittington Range, leaving which he followed a north-westerly direction to the parallel of 18°, where his progress was arrested by a dense scrub, failing in his attempt to penetrate which, Mr. Stuart retraced his steps, and followed the Ashburton range to Newcastle Water, the depth of which was six feet, ten yards from the bank, and in the middle seventeen feet; he considered it a permanent lake. One of the party found its depth to be the same at three miles west, and another returned after following it for four miles. Several fishes, about ten inches long, somewhat resembling the whiting in appearance, were caught. Continuing his journey to the north, he arrived on the 28th of May at Sturt's Open Plain, in lat. 17° 15'. From the loftiest tree nothing was to be discerned from the east to north and north-west but immense open, grassy plains, without a tree on them. Turning back to the ponds, Mr. Stuart observed large flocks of pigeons coming in clouds from the plains in every quarter towards the ponds. Exploring in a west-north-west direction for twenty-eight miles, the party encamped without water; the track led them into very thick forest and scrub. On the 30th the party reached about lat. 17° S., and 132° long., where it was stopped by dense forests of scrub and spinifex, on a red sandy soil. Returning in a south-easterly direction to the Ashburton Range, Mr. Stuart proceeded southerly to the west end of the Newcastle Water, whence he explored westward about fifty miles, when his progress was again impeded by a dense scrub. Retracing his steps to the Newcastle Water, he explored in a north-easterly direction about the same distance, but was again arrested by forest and scrub. Returning southward to the Tomlinson Creek, he camped, and made various explorations to the north-west, west, and north-east, the former extending upwards of ninety miles, when, meeting with the same obstacles, and finding that his provisions were failing, Mr. Stuart directed his course homewards, following his former track.

2. "Report of Mr. G. Elphinstone Dalrymple to Sir G. F. Bowen, F.R.G.S., Governor of Queensland, on the late explorations in that country; communicated by his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, F.R.G.S., Colonial Office." The overland expedition from Brisbane, under Mr. Dalrymple, arrived safely at Port Denison on the 10th of April, and opened communications at once with the maritime part of the expedition under Captain M'Dermott. The beautifully-grassed plains in the neighbourhood were named Omega plains, on the west side of Mount Gordon. The country traversed by the expedition was a very fine pastoral territory. Beautiful valleys between picturesque and imposing mountains are watered by fine running streams and rivers, and clothed with open forests of varied character, generally densely covered with a great variety of grasses and herbs. Mr. Surveyor Stuart proceeded rapidly with the survey of the township, and already slabs have been split, buildings and fencing commenced, and it is now deeply gratifying to see the British flag flying over the spot which was found a wilderness, to see a small but happy and orderly population quietly settled where a few days ago the wild aboriginal held undisputed sway; cattle and horses feeding over the rich virgin pastures, and the sounds of industry and civilization marking the advance of another great wave of Anglo-Australian energy from south to north.

3. "Extracts from Letters from Governor Kennedy and the Bishop of Perth to Sir Roderick Murchison, informing him that Mr. F. T. Gregory's expedition in the ship 'Dolphin' had left Champion Bay for Nicol Bay, and enclosing journal of the exploring expedition to the eastward of Northam, in

Western Australia, under the command of Messrs. Dempster, &c."

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

November 26.—J. R. McClean, Esq., Vice-President, in the chair.

The paper read was "On Measuring Distances by the Telescope," by Mr. W. B. Bray, M.Inst.C.E.

The author's attention was attracted to this subject by a paper by Mr. Bowman, read before the British Association in 1841; but it required further investigation and modification, to bring it into a form of practical utility.

He found that it was convenient to have two distinct hairs on the diaphragm of the level, one about $\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch above the level hair, and the other as much below, so as to read 1 foot on the staff at 1 chain, and 10 feet at 10 chains. Since, however, in focussing the instrument to any object, it was necessary to bring the cross hairs into such new focus, which was proportionally further from the object-glass as the object was nearer, the angle which the hairs subtended from the centre of the object-glass must be variable, diminishing as the distance was diminished. Hence a correction was necessary, and this the theory of refraction by lenses furnished. It showed that the error was constant at all distances, amounting in every case to the focal length of the object-glass for parallel rays. This constant was to be added in reading the staff, by bringing the lower cross hair near any even division of feet, but exactly $\cdot 02$ of a foot above it, corresponding with the two links from the centre of the instrument to the anterior focus, in the cases of a 5-inch theodolite and 10-inch level. Then, by reading the upper distance hair, and deducting the even number of feet at the lower hair, the difference was the distance in chains and links. If the compass was sufficiently delicate, any operation of contouring, or running trial levels, could be performed with rapidity and accuracy. When provided with two distinct hairs, the level of the ground could be taken above and below the ordinary range of the instrument. The use of these distance hairs for eighteen years had proved their practical value. In taking the width of rivers, or deep ravines, distances of 20 chains had been read in favourable weather; and when the hairs were accurately fixed on the diaphragm, they might be used even for fractions of a link, in taking widths incapable of direct measurement.

When applied to a theodolite, they could be used for measuring distances on sloping ground. But in that case, since the line of sight was no longer perpendicular to the staff, a correction was necessary, for which a table was given, showing the angles of elevation of the various heights, which were simple fractional parts of the horizontal distance. When the horizontal distance to the staff had been ascertained, the theodolite was to be elevated to the tabular angle corresponding to the fractional rise nearest to the slope of the ground; then that fraction of the horizontal distance, less the reading on the staff, would be the correct rise. With the theodolite it was convenient to have another set of hairs, for reading the distance in feet, as well as in links. In clear weather, with a distinct reading staff, a distance of 40 chains had been read between the foot and link hairs.

In the course of the discussion it was remarked, that the arrangement described by the author was of a much earlier date than had been mentioned. Possibly its application might hitherto have been limited, from the want of a correction for the errors introduced in focussing the instrument, which had now been supplied. Reference was made to the micrometer arrangement of the diaphragm in Mr. Gravatt's original dumpy level. This system of measuring distances had lately been applied to rifle practice, and for military purposes generally; it was thought that a micrometer-telescope could be relied on for distances up to 12 or 15 miles. It had also been employed for determining the speed of vessels at sea, when the exact length of the vessel was known, as well as for other purposes.

It was observed that the great improver of instruments of this kind was M. Porro, an officer of Engineers in the service of Piedmont, a detailed account of whose "instruments pour les levées de

plans" was given by M. H. de Senarmont in the *Annales des Mines*, 4th series, vol. xvi. (1849). None of the modifications in M. Porro's instruments had been introduced into this country, and yet with his micrometer scale of wires, the staff could be read off in metres at once; and, it was stated, at a distance of 800 metres the error did not exceed 2 centimètres.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

November 26.—Dr. J. E. Gray, Vice-President, in the chair.

Mr. A. D. Bartlett read some notes on the reproduction of the Manchourian crane in the Society's gardens, and on the changes of plumage exhibited by the young bird.

Dr. A. Gunther communicated a list of a collection of fishes sent to the Society by Captain Dow, corresponding member, from the Pacific coast of Central America. Out of fourteen species contained in this small but valuable collection no less than nine proved to be new to science.

Dr. Slater exhibited some original drawings by Mr. G. T. Vigne, of two species of wild sheep from Northern India, and some new birds from Panama from the collection of G. N. Lawrence, Esq., corresponding members. Dr. Slater also read papers describing some new species of South American birds from his own collection, and a new species of Finch, of the genus *Lycalis*, from Mexico, proposed to be called *Lycalis chrysops*.

The Secretary read papers by Dr. L. Pfeiffer, entitled "Descriptions of sixteen new species of land-shells;" and by Mr. H. Adams, "on some new genera and species of shells from Mr. Cuming's collection."

Mr. A. White exhibited some new species of *Coleoptera*, of the genera *Carabus*, *Geotrupes*, and *Anomala*, from Japan.

Mr. Leadbeater exhibited three heads of a species of true deer from specimens obtained in the imperial gardens of the Summer Palace at Peking, by Lieut.-Colonel Sarel, F.Z.S.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

November 27.—J. G. Teed, Esq., Q.C., in the chair.

Mr. Vaux read extracts from the letters and journals of D. E. Colnaghi, Vice-Consul of Missolonghi, giving an interesting account of a tour he had recently made through parts of Aremania, with some details relative to the ruins of the ancient city of Nero Pleuron.

Mr. Vaux also called the attention of the Society to a work just published by C. Simonides, containing facsimiles, translations, &c., of what purport to be portions of the Gospel of St. Matthew, and of the Epistles of St. James and St. Luke, written on papyrus, of the first century, and now in the museum of Joseph Mayer, Esq., of Liverpool. Mr. Vaux stated that the antecedents of Mr. Simonides were well known to the scholars of this country and of Germany, and expressed the hope that his work would be carefully examined by those who have paid especial attention to the subjects of which he treats, and particularly by members of the Royal Society of Literature, to whom many of his most doubtful manuscripts were exhibited so long ago as May, 1853.

The following gentlemen were elected members of the Society:—J. O. Roe, Esq., F. W. Madden, Esq., J. A. Horne, Esq., Morley Farrow, Esq.

MEDICINE, SCIENTIFIC AND SCHISMATIC.

III.

Report of the British Medical Association at its Twenty-ninth Annual Meeting, held at Canterbury. (British Medical Journal, August 3, 1861.)

Letter of Sir Benjamin Brodie on Homœopathy. (Fraser's Magazine, September, 1861.)

On the Prevailing Ignorance of the Materia Medica in the Recognized Schools of Medicine. By Arthur De Noe Walker, M.R.C.S. London, 1861.

A Letter to Sir Benjamin Brodie, F.R.S., in reply to his Letter in "Fraser's Magazine" for September, 1861. By William Sharp, M.D., F.R.S. London, 1861.

It, as we endeavoured to show in our last number,

the great dogma of the homœopathic schismatics is destitute of any scientific value as a principle, it is even more so as a practice; for, it happens unfortunately, for those who pretend to cure by the dogma of similars curing similars, that they have arrived, as yet, at no perfection and at but little unanimity, as to the mode in which the cure should be devised, and the amount in which the curative remedy should be supplied. The scientific practitioner of medicine, having selected a remedy for employment in any particular form of disease, makes it a rule to prescribe the remedy in a dose which experience tells him will produce the particular effect for which the prescription is intended. For instance, if it be his wish to administer chloroform so as to entirely remove pain, he gives it by inhalation in gradually increasing quantities, varying from one drachm to six or eight, until an effect is decidedly secured. He may continue, according to the object he has in view, the administration for a long time; he may withdraw it from the first at the beckoning of a dangerous symptom; but any way he has a common-sense principle of action for his guide. The same rule obtains with regard to other medicines. In districts where ague is prevalent, and where the busy practitioner may have to treat, during particular seasons of the year, a vast number of cases weekly, he soon learns, as a matter of experience which is undeniable, that he can cure the majority of his cases with quinine; but he learns also this further fact, that it is essential to give the remedy in a certain amount, and that to administer to an adult man less than two to three grains a day is to throw away his remedy and do nothing at all. And once more, in reference to the use of another drug—opium: the scientific physician knows that whereas the average dose that will produce sleep in a person of full growth will be a grain, so if it is necessary long to continue the drug for any particular reason, the dose must be increased that the effect may be continued. The same general principles apply in the hands of truly scientific men, in reference to every medicine that may be employed; it is assumed as a preliminary, that a particular remedy will produce a particular object which it is considered desirable to attain, and then, cautiously but determinately, the measure is taken to carry out the intention, and the drug is supplied, accordingly, by a series of rules which, learnt by experience, are universally practised, though perhaps nowhere accurately formularized. It may be argued that all this is nevertheless very irregular. It may be contended that great uncertainty prevails as to intention in the administration of drugs, and this argument is not to be altogether ignored; at the same time, it must be remembered, that in the midst of all the apparent informality, an immense amount of useful work is performed, and that were it not for a knowledge, however crude, of the administrations of medicines to meet emergencies, the art and science of medicine were worth nothing whatever in the public estimation.

The professors of homœopathy, not content with the bare application of their dogma, contend of all things most vehemently against the common-sense principle in the prescribing of medicinal substances named above. Assuming that they have a rule for the selection of remedies; assuming the preposterous idea that in every disease they can descend upon the local origin of the disease; and basing on these assumptions the statement that they can select a remedy which shall go direct to this affected part, leaving all the rest of the organism untouched by its influence—assuming all this, we say, these dogmatists take high ground; and ride out their pre-emptiveness on a sort of high-horse logic, to an extent which is peculiarly terrible to the uninitiated. But unhappily for them, when they have arrived so far, their line of continuity is broken; they may decide on the remedy, but they cannot decide on the dose. Suppose one of them to prescribe a dose so large that the affected organ could not accommodate the dose?—Magnus Apollo, what a calamity! Or suppose he prescribe so small a dose, that in its many wanderings, from the cup to the lip and from the lip through the various mazes of alimentary tract, lacteal vessel, and blood current, the dose should never reach the organ at all?—What a dire disaster! Or, again, premise that the organ locally diseased be but slightly diseased, on the one hand, or disorganized by disease on the other, what, in

these cases respectively, shall be the dose? To all these important queries we are instructed to answer, that, as yet, the homœopaths have agreed only on a single point, namely—we follow the words of Dr. Sharp—"that the doses must be small." Beyond this, he goes on to tell us, there is no general point of agreement, and nothing settled as yet. As with Sir Benjamin Brodie and those who think with him this matter of dose is a question of experience, even with homœopaths, and consequently every practitioner is left to find out for himself, and has to be guided by that. After such an admission, the observations of Sir Benjamin Brodie, in his letter to *Fraser's Magazine*, come in with double force. "I have made myself," says the learned baronet, "sufficiently acquainted with several works which profess to disclose the mysteries of homœopathy, especially that of Hahnemann, the founder of the homœopathic sect, and those of Dr. Curie and Mr. Sharp. The result is, that with all the pains that I have been able to take, I have been unable to form any very distinct notion of the system they profess to teach. They all, indeed, begin with laying down, as the foundation of it, the rule that '*similia similibus curantur*;' or, in plain English, that one disease is to be driven out of the body by artificially creating another disease similar to it. But there the resemblance ends. Hahnemann treats the subject in one way, Dr. Curie in another, and Mr. Sharp in another way still. General principles are asserted on the evidence of the most doubtful and scanty facts; and the reasoning on them for the most part is thoroughly puerile and illogical. I do not ask you to take all this for granted, but would rather refer you to the books themselves; being satisfied that any one, though he may not be versed in the science of medicine, who possesses good sense, and who has any knowledge of the caution with which all scientific investigations should be conducted, will arrive at the same conclusions as myself."

Recurring to Dr. Sharp's observation, that the only point on which homœopaths agree in respect to doses, is that the dose must be small, the intelligent reader will naturally ask:—"On what grounds has this remarkable decision been arrived at?" Ostensibly, the reason is, that inasmuch as the homœopath possesses the marvellous acuteness to go back in every disease to that one local spot in which all the mischief originates, and as he has the further skill of directing every remedy he may use immediately to that spot, and to no other part of the economy, so, owing to the limitation of surface over which the said remedy exerts its influence, the quantity of the remedy must necessarily be small. The argument looks pretty, but, examined closely, is equally fallacious, even on its own bases of reasoning, as any that have preceded it; for on these grounds not only must the quantity of the dose prescribed be determined, but the periods of administrations, and the number of administrations, inasmuch as the mere matter of quantity is in the end determined, not by the amount taken at once, but by the amount taken altogether. But, in truth, the inference on which the small dose is presumed to be made is a mere afterthought, and a convenient explanation of what would be, even to the uneducated, a ridiculous statement. The origin of the small-dose idea commenced in reality with Hahnemann himself, who, undertaking to found his dogma on the practice of giving medicines in ordinary doses, and carrying on his inquiries in the treatment of diseases which have, as one of their most striking features, the natural tendency to get well of themselves, was led to suppose that he had cured these diseases. Deceived by his results, and remaining profoundly ignorant or profoundly reticent respecting the natural cure of various disorders, Hahnemann next began to reduce his doses; and finding still that patients recovered, exactly as they would have recovered if he had never dosed them at all, he came at last to the wildest and most absurd of deductions—i. e. "he issued the decree, that the best dose for all diseases, whether acute or chronic, was the smallest quantity of the thirtieth dilution"—a quantity which, reduced to figures, would take us far beyond the ultimate divisions of matter itself. It is confessed that he did not adhere to this unwise dictum, that none after him have adhered to it, and that it is, in fact, altogether impossible to lay down any precise rules as to the dose. At the present

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day no two homœopaths agree on the question: some use one dilution, some another; and as, in the same case, one homœopath would give as much as a grain of an active substance, and another the decillionth of a grain, so the absurdity of the principle fully exposes itself, and requires, in sober truth, no further exposition.

Within the last few weeks the infinitesimal system has received a new advocacy. Ready to catch at any new scientific truth which shall in the remotest degree favour an hypothesis, the latest defender of homœopathy, though himself no real practitioner of infinitesimal doses, has tried to bring over to his side the recent researches of Bunsen and Kirchhoff on spectrum analysis. In one of their experiments these eminent philosophers have shown that the eye is able to detect so little as the one three-millionth of a milligramme of a sodium salt. The fact is, of course, startling, and is applied by our homœopathic controversialist with great apparent force in support of his views. "It is now demonstrated," he exclaims, "not only that infinitesimal particles of known substances exist, but that such particles can be analyzed, and be made to exhibit characteristic properties. This has been effected in a manner independent of the careful observation of the action of such particles on living beings, the only method of examining them previously known. In these experiments on spectrum analysis, he goes on to say, the optic nerve is impressed with an infinitesimal quantity; and if one nerve of the living body may be impressed, why not other nerves?"

That there is a cleverness, a sort of hopeless cleverness in this observation, is at once apparent; it is an observation to take, but unfortunately it cuts in two directions, and is a dangerous instrument for the use of homœopaths; for spectrum analysis not only exhibits such an experiment as that which is quoted above, but leads to the induction that the air is constantly charged with infinitesimal doses or quantities of substances which the homœopath, using in his dilutions, would call medicines. It requires, therefore, no class of men called homœopaths to administer to us poor earth-mortals infinitesimal physic; and it can add, we should think, little to the accuracy of these gentlemen in prescribing their infinitesimals to feel that they may have been forestalled in their useful exertions, or worse than this, that while they are administering one infinitesimal potency, their guileless patient may be absorbing another infinitesimal potency, having precisely an opposite effect, with every breath he draws.

We leave the question which has occupied us so long with these remarks. Our answer to it is, that scientifically the homœopathic creed has no foundation whatever; and that, however much we and others may deplore the shortcomings of truly scientific medicine, we are only supporting a fallacy on the one hand, and obstructing a valuable science on the other, in allowing ourselves to permit homœopathy to take any place as a branch of learning and practice.

We pass, therefore, at this point to the consideration of the second question propounded at the commencement of our observations.—Why has this medical schism taken possession of so many members of the community? The answer to this query is easy. In the first place, the position that has been assumed by Hahnemann and his followers is one which has always been more or less successful, for a time, in captivating the public sentiment; in plain words, they have formed themselves into a volunteer corps of martyrs. In his earliest days, Hahnemann was received with becoming attention; and even his first paper, involving the risk of the assertion of a dogma, was allowed place in perhaps the most scientific journal of the day, *Hufeland's Journal*, in 1796. For this he met with no persecution, but soon afterwards he commenced to vaunt a new remedy for scarlet fever, or rather against scarlet fever, which remedy he kept secret, and did not publish until 1801, when he satisfied the expectations of the public in a pamphlet entitled *Heilung und Verhütung des Scharlachfiebers*; or, *The Cure and Prevention of Scarlet Fever*. It is not customary for a learned profession to bear calmly with a man who pretends to secret cures, but nevertheless this mistake was looked on with consideration and forgiveness. It is to be remembered, moreover, that at the period in question no mention had ever been made by any pre-

ceding author of the propriety of treating diseases by infinitesimal doses, while he went at once to the extremest length in this respect. He taught that for the treatment of one form of scarlet fever, it was only necessary to use a tincture consisting of one part of finely-pulverized opium dissolved in twenty parts of dilute spirit-of-wine; this tincture was suffered to stand in the cold for a week, and to be frequently shaken. For internal use, one drop of this mixture was to be intimately mixed with five hundred drops of very dilute spirit-of-wine; and of this mixture again one drop in five hundred drops of very diluted spirit-of-wine. Of this very diluted tincture of opium, containing $\frac{1}{1000000}$ of opium in each drop, one drop, he said, was sufficient for a child of four years, which dose was only to be repeated every four or eight hours, or sometimes once in twenty-four hours, or even only once or twice during the whole disease. Or the remedy might be applied externally, by putting a bit of paper moistened with tincture of opium upon the pit of the heart. Another form of scarlet fever was relieved, he said, in less than half an hour by a tincture of ipecacuanha, made by digesting one part of ipecacuanha in twenty of diluted spirit-of-wine; of this one drop was to be mixed with one hundred drops of spirit-of-wine, and the dose was to be one drop for the youngest and ten drops for the oldest child. But he even went beyond this, for in prescribing a preventive remedy against scarlet fever, he suggested belladonna as the remedy, and described three forms of solution of the preventive, named respectively the strong solution, the middle solution, and the weak solution. The weak solution was the preservative; it contained in every drop $\frac{1}{1000000}$ of a grain of belladonna, and the dose of this administered for the purpose of preserving persons from infection varied, according to age, from three drops to forty; it was to be repeated every seventy-two hours during an epidemic, and any violent action of the belladonna itself that might be excited was to be specifically removed by the method of employing opium named above. Lastly, for meeting the symptoms that supervene after scarlet fever, he recommended again the use of belladonna, or of chamomilla in doses of $\frac{1}{1000000}$ of a grain.

It could scarcely be expected in human nature that such violations of opinions ordinarily received could be accepted without opposition; yet it is not less true that this paper was accepted with candour and good feeling. Our own *English Medical Journal*, conducted at that time by Drs. Bradley, Batty, and Noehden, in quoting the paper as coming from one who, by his works, had acquired a respectable character among German physicians, commented on the views enunciated with the utmost courtesy. But the fact was that Hahnemann himself, not content with announcing his discoveries, tried to thrust them on the profession with a vehemence, and, we may say, with a vulgarity, which could have but one result,—a persecution which we believe he courted rather than opposed, and which he and his followers have built upon ever since, as a successful means of securing notoriety and ignorant sympathy.

After this, the love of the marvellous and the love of novelty have effected not a little in supporting the schism; while the change which the professors of the novelty have adopted,—the change, namely, of administering tasteless globules and tinctures for nauseous draughts,—and the calls which they have made upon the imagination, have ensured for them a certain degree of popularity, which, however puerile, must be considered as remarkably effective. There remains one other reason for the partial success of homœopathy with the people, and it is this:—that when carried out in all its innocuousness, a large number of diseases, under its apparent medication, have got well. Sir Kenelm Digby cured wounds quicker than the chirurgéons, by plastering the weapon that made the wound with sympathetic salve, and leaving the wound to nature. And so with our homœopaths; by letting the diseases alone, that is to say, by giving infinitesimal nothings, they have been more than usually clever in seeing the body move back from the unnatural to the natural state, of its own volition. This is a point on which the public should be well informed; and we will therefore put the case as it is understood by scientific physicians, and as it is. Taking Dr. Farre's

classification of diseases, which, however imperfect, is the best there is, we find that there are two hundred and six groups of symptoms, which, taken together, may be said to constitute as many diseases. Analyzing these, we detect, in respect to their causes, that certain of them depend upon poisons, or upon external conditions of air which affect the body from without, which are transitory in their action, and which leave the body usually in a state from which it is recoverable. *All diseases of this kind, therefore, have a natural tendency to get well.* There is another class, the symptoms of which are due to some error in the mode of life, or to some transmitted agency from the parent, excited in the parent by such error. These diseases remain so long as the error on which they depend is persistent, but are removed largely or altogether when the error is rectified. *These diseases, therefore, have a natural tendency to get well.* Lastly, there is a class of disorders, the origin of which is little understood, and of which cancer is the great type, which, once started in the economy, feed on it till it can no longer afford them maintenance. *The tendency of all these diseases, therefore, is to kill.*

It is happy for humanity, not less than for homœopathy, that a vast number of diseases belong to the first two classes. Thus, if we take diseases altogether as divisible into two hundred and six groups, we find not less than from seventy to seventy-five in which the causes that produced them are temporary, and which, under any variety of treatment that is not hurtful, recover as a general rule. The truly scientific physician, knowing all this, obeys the law; he neither quacks with globules nor taxes with potions, but guarding his patient as far as possible from unnecessary danger, and directing the organism as far as he can towards a natural termination of the disease, he performs one of the highest functions incidental to humanity, in that he removes from the sufferer, by the divinity of knowledge, those agencies which human ignorances have placed between the perfect law and that which should be the perfect man.

The two remaining questions require but little observation. Is there in homœopathy any element leading to its success as a practice? The answer to this question has been given in that which is written already. We have seen that when the practice appears to succeed, the success is fortuitous, and that therefore, as a practice for the administration of drugs on a given system, it is a mere pretence. Naturally enough, a homœopath who chooses to take to his own heart the real truth, who consents tacitly to treat disease by natural methods, and who gives the vaunted specific as a placebo, as a necessity for the mere support of his particular system, and as an assurance that he is doing something which has a show of treatment,—naturally enough this man will be successful in his management of disease. But, be it observed, the man is not practising homœopathy, nor is there in him, as a homœopathic practitioner, any element of success, in the pure and scientific meaning of that term.

Why, lastly, does homœopathy so utterly fail to attract the attention of the scientific part of the medical world? The reason for this is plainly intelligible. Men of true science believe only in realities, and men truly scientific in medicine feel more than any other the necessity for these realities. They look around and are pained to observe, that with all their labours, their progress is slow and difficult; they never seek to hide this fact, but openly proclaim it, and admit that, indebted greatly to sciences which are collateral, they are bound to wait for the advances of their neighbours, and to apply these advances to their own particular studies. They cannot even understand the structure and treatment of such a purely mechanical apparatus as the eyeball, until a Kepler or a Newton divulge the laws of optics; nor guess at the meaning of breathing, until a chemist discovers that the nature of the breath exhaled is akin to the vapour from a furnace. Of all things again, knowing as they do how entirely the production of disease depends on external causes, and how the cure of disease rests on the removal of these causes, they shrink from your inventor of specifics, and your propounder of dogmas, with instinctive dread. Casting together "similia similibus curantur" and "contraria contrariis curantur" into the same limbo, designed for the

reception of human conceits and ignorances, they toil on as we depicted them at first, looking timidly at the ascent, carving the slippery steps, and longing for the prospect that awaits them at the summit:—the simple mystery of life at their feet, a newly discovered world, which opens all and explains all.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- MONDAY.—*Royal Institute of British Architects*, 8.
TUESDAY.—*Ethnological Society*, 8.—On the Dyaks or Aborigines of Borneo, by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Labuan.—On the Languages of the western part of North America, by E. B. Tylor, Esq.
WEDNESDAY.—*Geological*, 8.—On the Bracklesham Series of Deposits, by the Rev. O. Fisher, A.M., F.G.S.
THURSDAY.—*Linnean Society*, 8.—J. D. Macdonald, Esq., R.N., on a New Genus of *Tunicata* occurring on one of the Bellona Reefs.—J. Couch, Esq., on the Occurrence of the Crustacean *Scyllarus arctus* in England.
FRIEDRICH, 8.—On the Camphor of Peppermint, by Dr. Oppenheim.—On Piperic and Hydro-Piperic Acids, by Mr. G. C. Foster.—On Some Properties of Tin-lead Alloys, by Professor Bolla.

FINE ARTS.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION.

Hardly any visitor to this Exhibition will come away without a sense of the effect on its arrangement and excellence, caused by the absence of the spirited and energetic proprietor of the Gallery. In former years the public have been delighted, at this usually very dull season, by the opportunity of viewing in this comfortable room a collection of cabinet pictures, drawings, and sketches, principally by well-known artists, for many reasons unfitted for exhibition at the Royal Academy, and therefore of a class seldom seen but by few.

This year, however, the Winter Exhibition offers few such attractions. There are not many pictures of merit, and of them some have been exhibited before. We recognize one or two old acquaintances—friends we do not care to call them—such as Mrs. Hay's *Tobias*, Mr. Dobson's *Charity of Dorcas*, and Mr. Poole's *Goths in Italy*; we are, however, glad to see the sketch for Mr. Arthur Hughes's *King's Orchard*, a fantastic but carefully wrought gem, full of beauty, but barely visible, and likely to escape all notice on account of the bad place where it has been hung.

The place of honour in the room is occupied by three highly-finished little sketches in oil, by C. Stanfield, R.A., *Beachy Head from Newhaven*, *Picking up a Lane Duck off Hurst Castle*, and *Pic du Midi, Val d'Oiseaux*. These are all very good. On the left is a small picture by F. Smallfield, called *A Family Discussion*, in which this painstaking artist has, with questionable success, attempted the minute photographic style, which is carried to its perfection in the works of M. Meissonier. The attitudes of the three figures, whose mutual relation it is rather difficult to discover, are awkward, and there is an inelegance of line that is very unpleasant; the scarlet coat moreover is disagreeably prominent. The picture is, however, worth notice. Of the same character, but freer in execution and exhibiting much power of drawing, are the clever studies of Mr. J. Lawless; one of them called *The Letter*, and hung in a corner; the other, *An Idler*. Mr. Le Jeune's *Contemplation* is another very pleasing study; so is not the rapid and dishevelled head painted, with much resemblance to the *Blind Beggarman* in the National Gallery, by T. H. Maguire, and called, for lack of a better name, *D'Manette*.

Mr. Barnes may well label his picture *Who's to Blame?* The only answer to which question is certainly—the painter. It is nonsense crying over spilt milk, and no use painting it if the story of the spilling be made so obscure, and the faces of the parties concerned so rapid and unmeaning. Mr. Calderon's picture *Le Secret des Amoureux* is hardly

equal to his promise, and the arrangement of the subject is slightly awkward. The lovers are entirely in the background, so that the title of "The Eaves-dropper" would have been more appropriate. Why also Mr. T. S. Cooper should call his usual pasture and cows *Canterbury Meadows* we cannot see: nobody will believe it to have been painted at Canterbury, nor has he even put in the towers of the cathedral as proof of the locality for prosaic people. Mr. Dobson's *How Pretty*, a child standing on a bank while her sister ties a coloured handkerchief round her head, is pretty, but hardly up to his average. Miss Solomon has a picture of *A Young Teacher*; the feet of the child in the lap of the Ayah, who is being instructed by another elder girl, are singularly ill-drawn. Her other picture, *The Appointment*, is weak and commonplace. Miss Solomon however does not sin in vulgarity—this she has left to Mr. T. P. Hall, who, in his picture *Not Half Good-Looking Enough*, gives us a full dose. Two smirking servant-girls and a smitten postman furnish him with a subject which we should not wonder to see soon reproduced in a cheap and tawdry lithograph.

Mr. E. Long has exhibited two pictures of Spanish life, not actual copies from Philip, and so possessing some vigour, but feeble imitations of his style. Another picture exhibiting the same influence is Mr. D. W. Deane's *In the Streets of Seville*; this, though better than Mr. Long's effort, is tricky without art to conceal the trick. In close proximity with this last, is a picture by A. H. Tourrien, entitled *Love me, Love me not*, of a straight-backed, stoutly clad, thick-lipped, sulky girl, picking to pieces a sunflower of a peculiar species. Of a like nauseous quality is Mr. Gullick's *Parting Memories*.

Of landscape painting there are few good specimens. The best is Mr. F. R. Lee's *View of Tangiers*; there is however a coldness about the painting which we cannot believe to be natural, and which seemed to us rather to spoil the effect of the striking picture of Gibraltar, exhibited by this artist in the Royal Academy last season. Mr. J. W. Oakes has one of his favourite pieces, *A Quiet Morning*, where the painting of the water and the truthful effect of the morning light is in strong contrast to the falsity of the sea foam, and of the general painting of the water, in Mr. Cropsey's *Sea Coast at Bonchurch*.

There are the usual number of Sunsets and Mornings on the Thames, the Lakes, &c., and the firm of Boddington, Pettitt, Williams, and Co. has exhibited average sample of their stock in trade.

We do not wish to say that the Exhibition is unworthy of a visit, but half an hour may be profitably spent in examining the few pictures above mediocrity.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The thirtieth Concert season of this Society commences to-night. The first part consists of Mendelssohn's music to Racine's "Athalie," a work as yet too little known to the public, but regarded with reverence by all connoisseurs. Miss Pyne is the soprano, and it would be difficult to find a voice better adapted to the music. She will be supported by Miss Serle and Miss L. Baxter. The illustrative verses are to be recited by Mr. G. Vandenhoff. The second part consists of Handel's ever-welcome "Dettingen Te Deum," the solos entrusted to Mr. Winn, an improving and rapidly-rising basso. Mr. Brown-smith, as usual, presides at the organ; the band and chorus number seven hundred performers, and all under the accomplished baton of Mr. Costa.

A series of great choral meetings will be held in the large hall during the season, by the London amateur division of the Handel Festival Chorus of sixteen hundred performers, preparatory to the triennial Handel Festival to be held at the Crystal Palace in June next. Admission to these rehearsals will only be granted to subscribers to the Sacred Harmonic Society. The first great choral meeting is appointed for Friday, 6th December. Among other novelties to be produced during the season, Handel's oratorio of "Deborah" is promised, with additional accompaniments by Mr. Costa. The prospectus issued by

the Society shows that the fact of the great Exhibition looming in the future has been judiciously anticipated, considered and prepared for.

LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION, EGYPTIAN HALL.

The concert on Saturday morning furnished an attractive programme, and very few seats in the Hall were unoccupied. The vocalists engaged were the Misses Wells and Eyles, Messrs. Baxter, W. Cummings, Land, and Lawler. Little exception could be taken to the capability or style of any one of the party. The voices amalgamate congenially, and there is evidently no lack of practice. The result is equality of tone, precision, and refinement of delivery, such as can only be found in singers who are well trained together. But in avoiding coarseness, they have fallen somewhat into the other extreme. Delicacy and neatness may degenerate into tameness and insipidity, and there are some symptoms of this degeneracy in the Glee Union. Sweetness of tone, distinct articulation, and correct intonation, appear to be the aim and the end; and although these qualities are excellent in themselves, a marked contrast enhances their value. This want of heartiness was most apparent in Webbe's magnificent glee, "When winds breathe soft." The calm opening was finely rendered, but the storm that followed was far too gentle, and the joy that elated the sailor's breast when it subsided, by no means hilarious. In Horsley's charming glee, "By Celia's arbour," the composition and the style of the performers were more consonant. It was delivered with much delicacy, the marks of expression carefully observed and executed. This glee is one of our best, and it would be difficult to hear it better given than on this occasion. "See the chariot at hand," by the same composer, also received full justice. Miss J. Wells, who possesses a clear soprano, sang Handel's air, "Let me wander not unseen" (*L'Allegro ed il Penseroso*), in a natural unaffected manner. Her articulation is distinct and her intonation correct. These qualities will win her favour even among singers of larger voice and more facile execution. Mr. Lawler sang, "From Oberon in fairy land," or "The Pranks of Robin Good-fellow" (composer unknown), displaying a rich and deep bass voice, but his delivery lacks animation. Mr. William Cummings sang Handel's song, "Love in her eyes sits playing" (*Acis and Galatea*), with much delicacy. Miss Eyles, an especial favourite at these meetings, gave an admirable reading of an old ballad, "Near Woodstock Town," and it was warmly appreciated by the audience. She also, in conjunction with Mr. Land, delivered a dialogue ballad, "Sandy and Jenny." After so much serious music, quietly rendered, this introduction of a funny element was grateful to the audience, as was proved by a hearty encore. Another composition of the humorous class was a catch for three voices, "Sir, you are a comical fellow," in which Messrs. Cummings, Land, and Lawler, accused each other with much pertinacity of having a hooked nose, crooked back, red face, and squint. This piece of ancient humour was highly successful. It appears by a notice appended to the programme, that Mr. Thomas Oliphant is unavoidably prevented, during the present series of concerts, from giving, as heretofore, his *Literary Illustrations*. We were sorry not to find Dr. Calcott's name in the programme. He has written so much and so well, and his name is so thoroughly identified with the English glee, that a concert devoted to that class of music seems incomplete without, at least, one of his compositions.

THE ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

On Saturday night the opera of "Robin Hood" was substituted for "Lurline"; Miss Louisa Pyne being prevented from appearing by the serious indisposition of her father. Mme. Guerrabella maintains her position as a prima donna, and advances in public opinion. Her voice, though somewhat worn, is of great capacity, and she sings with evident intention. Mr. Henry Haigh, *Robin Hood*, has not impressed the public as an actor, but his voice will bear comparison with the best tenors of the day. His intonation is faultless. He delivers sentimental ballads with much expression; witness "My own, my guiding star;" and in the more boisterous song

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"Englishmen by birth are free," and "Confusion to the Norman," he displays more energy and spirit than he has previously obtained credit for. His want of histrionic power has caused him to be hardly dealt with by some of his critics; but until we find tenors equally great in acting and singing, Mr. Haigh may well be accepted. Two part songs by the chorus deserve especial notice, "The gay green wood" and "When the sun has mounted high." These are given with much power and richness of tone, unvarying pitch, and great precision. Mr. Balfe's new opera, "The Puritan's Daughter," is announced for Saturday. It is reported to be more characteristic of Balfe than any of his later operas; less attempted and more accomplished. Miss Pyne, as the *Puritan's Daughter*, is said to have a part exactly suited to her. Mr. Santley, as the lover, has every scope for a display of his ability as singer and actor, one song being especially named as superior to any of Balfe's previous efforts. Mr. H. Corri, as the *Puritan*, is also reported to have one particularly fine song, and a part altogether worthy of him. Mr. G. Honey and Miss Susan Pyne have strong comedy characters. Mr. W. Harrison, as *Rochester*, appears in almost an entirely new line.

DRURY LANE.

A new burlesque version of the "Colleen Bawn," by Mr. H. J. Byron, was produced at Drury Lane on Monday last before a house crowded to the roof. The different characters were tortured and twisted ingeniously enough into figures of fun, and there was Mr. Byron's usual seasoning of puns. Mr. Roxby was got up as an amusing *Danny Mann*; and Miss Louise Keeley as *Myles Macgypaleen*, took her first header with a daring that her great original could not have surpassed in taking his two hundred and eightieth. Probably those who found such inexhaustible attractions in the original will enjoy the contrast afforded by the burlesque, and may deem it amusing: we confess that we found it simply dull.

OLYMPIC.

A graceful comedy, entitled "Court Cards," was produced at the Olympic Theatre on Monday last. It is an adaptation by Mr. Palgrave Simpson of "La Frileuse," a comedy brought out at the Vaudeville, in Paris, and supposed to be a posthumous work of M. Scribe (*vide Literary Gazette*, October 12th, 1861). The plot turns upon the love intrigues of the Court of the Dowager Duchess of Altenfels. The *Duchess* herself is proud, wrong-headed, irascible, and impatient of contradiction. She wills the marriage of her nephew, *Prince Max* (Mr. H. Neville), with the *Princess Amelia of Heldenhausen* (Miss Amy Sedgwick); but the former, who is a little of a boor, is in love with one of the maids-of-honour of the *Duchess*, *Hermine von Waldek* (Miss Cottrell); and the *Princess* has met with an adventure, in which a certain Lieutenant in the Guards has behaved with so much chivalry and delicacy, that she cannot drive his image from her memory; he is, as yet, unknown, but proves to be *Conrad von Rosenthal* (Mr. W. Gordon). The *Duchess* finds then that all her match-making intrigues are spoiled, the birds having all paired off in other directions. She gets very angry indeed, storms, blusters, orders bodies to prison and heads to the gibbet, after a fashion savouring strongly of the mild rule of the great Bomba, but all to no use; she only induces the lovers to resort to stratagem, to foil her plans; and as they are four to one, and have on their side youth and the sharp wits of lovers, these prove more than a match for her absolute power. Ultimately she consents to the arrangements of the intriguers, owing to having been, by accident, discovered by the *Princess Amelia* in a position uncomfortably false with a punctilious *Baron von Babelberg* (Mr. G. Cooke), who has been a tool of hers. The *Princess Amelia* is very admirably rendered by Miss Amy Sedgwick; she is light-hearted, imperturbably buoyant, and defiant even of the terrors of the ducal frown, and sustains her imprisonment without, for one moment, being subdued by it. Mr. Neville and Miss Cottrell had both parts requiring vivacity. The dresses and decorations were rich, and in good taste.

THE THEATRES.

Mr. Charles Mathews commenced, on Monday evening last, at Her Majesty's Concert Room, a series

of "At Homes," which species of entertainment his father, as is generally known, was the first to popularize. Mr. Mathews was assisted by his wife, and the entertainment was, we need hardly say, attended by an overflowing audience, anxious to support this favourite actor. The interest of the performance was much augmented by the autobiographical nature of a portion of it, which consisted of a narrative of Mr. Mathews's own life and observations.

At the Princess's, on alternate nights with Mr. Fechter in "Othello," Mr. Ryder is performing the part of *Falstaff* in the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

At the New Royalty Theatre a new farce, entitled "All in the Dark," has been produced.

The part of *Salem Scudder* in Mr. Boucicault's drama of "The Octoroon," which had been chosen by that gentleman for his own, is now filled by Mr. Delmon Grace, an actor who had been engaged in America expressly to appear in that character. Although the retirement of Mr. Boucicault is stated to be only temporary, and the result of slight indisposition, it is fancied that another and graver motive has led him to take this step.

MISCELLANEA.

The late Dr. Bandinel, of the Bodleian Library, Oxford, it is well known, collected from far and wide a very extraordinary collection of those fugitives of the press, tracts—or, as our ancestors termed them, "tractates." This singular and interesting gathering is to be dispersed on the 9th of January by the auctioneer's hammer. The collection is especially rich in those rudely-printed "flying-sheets" known as "Civil War Pamphlets" (in reality our first newspapers or "news-letters"), so illustrative of the times of Charles I., Charles II., the Commonwealth, Richard Cromwell's short Protectorate, and the Restoration. There are also some curious pieces by, and relating to, Archbishop Laud; early masques, pageants, and other royal entertainments; series of pieces by the unfortunate W. Prynne; poetical broadsides; and a matchless series of prints illustrative of the Stuart family. This last lot, we suppose, will attract the attention of the Queen's librarian. The Royal family are very much interested in the history of the unfortunate Stuarts, and possess one of the best collections extant illustrative of the life and death of Charles I. The series of portraits of that deluded monarch preserved at Windsor, from the rude woodcut of the time to the matchless Vandyke, is the most complete of any in existence. By the way, when are we to have a history of Richard Cromwell's Protectorate, or rather of the time between Oliver's death and the Restoration?—not quite two years of the most momentous and interesting period of English history, glossed over by Hume in little more than one page!

TIW is the quaint title of *A View of the Roots and Stems of the English as a Teutonic Tongue*, a new book just written by the Rev. W. Barnes, the well-known Dorset antiquary.

On Monday last, the sale at Southgate's, in Fleet Street, came to a close. Last year we purchased a very beautiful work here, described in the catalogue as one of "the last copies, the stones having been destroyed;" but scarcely expected to find a similar announcement, with more copies, in the sale this year. It is not generally known that the little volume in this sale, entitled *The Lord's Prayer Explained for Children, with a Preface by the Rev. J. M. Bellew*, was written by Mr. Blanchard Jerrold.

Everybody remembers the success which a little book, entitled *The Garden that Paid the Rent*, met with a short time since. People thought it was written by an old sun-burnt gardener, who had grown cabbages for half a century; if not by him, then certainly by Mr. Mechi, or Sir Joseph Paxton. None of these wrote a line of it. We have heard that it came from the pen that wrote the good little book on the Lord's Prayer.

Antiquaries will be glad to learn that the remarkable collection of antiquities, coins, books, manuscripts, and articles of *verru*, brought together by the late Thomas Bateman, Esq., at his Museum, Youlgrave, Derbyshire, will not be sold, or broken up. In one respect, Mr. Bateman was an excellent pattern to his brother collectors. When he pur-

chased a valuable article, he always placed it on the shelves where he could find it at any moment. Order and strict arrangement were of as much moment to him as the possession of the book or the coin.

The hoardings of London, with their placards of every size, colour, and type, advertising the wants and amusements of nearly three millions of people, have long passed into an Institution. The various modes of attracting public attention are occasionally clever, and indicate no small talent in the art of puffing; but those insane bills put forth by the *Penny Newsmen* always made us pity the unfortunate individual who was trying to be funny, and only succeeded in making people shake their heads at their weak-minded brother. We are not surprised to learn that the proprietors, Messrs. Kelly and Co., have stopped payment. As a contemporary remarks, "it is evident that the problem of what can be sold for a penny will not be settled until the present excitement of competition shall have somewhat subsided;" and, we will add, until some more sensible modes of advertising are adopted. The age of telegraphs and locomotives scarcely requires the style of puffing adopted by the quacks of the last century.

One of the most beautiful books that has issued from the press of Messrs. Whittingham and Wilkins for a long time, is entitled *Spiritual Conceits*, with a hundred quaint emblematic illustrations, in the style of Quarles, Whitney, and the old books of devotion of the seventeenth century, by W. Harry Rogers, Esq.

The French press has been active of late in anticipation of the winter season. M. Garnier Pagès has contributed another volume of his *History of the Revolution*, reciting, in vigorous language, the memorable events of the 24th February, 1848. From M. Mortimer Feraux we have *L'Histoire de la Terreur*. A volume of English interest comes next, *A Frenchman's Ideas of the Life of Lady Jane Grey*, and several other books whose titles we have not space to mention.

A new volume of poems, by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, is announced as in the press; also a new edition of this popular authoress's poems, in three volumes. The latter will appear next month.

Whilst speaking of Mrs. Browning, we must mention that the Hon. Mrs. Norton appears once more in the republic of letters. *The Lady of La Garaye*, dedicated to the Marquis of Lansdowne, with four illustrations from the author's designs—is announced to appear immediately.

We spoke of book and coin collectors just now. The sale of a very remarkable collection of autographs has just come to a close in Paris. This gathering of specimens of the handwriting of great men had been made by a poor Frenchman. The catalogue is a most curious document, and shows what strange manias human beings are capable of being led into, in order that they may hold intercourse with celebrated individuals. For nearly thirty years this autograph-collecting Frenchman resorted to every description of "dodge" in order to secure the coveted letter or signature. Perhaps the most ingenious, and at the same time unscrupulous, manoeuvre to secure his object was the forwarding of the following diabolical letter to all the authors, statesmen, editors, performers, composers, and noblemen of France. There are few persons of distinction, we are informed, who have not at one time or another received this astounding document:—"Sir, —I am twenty years of age, a poor violinist of . . . ball-room. I have lost the only woman I ever adored; I have sought recklessly to distract my grief for her in the lowest dissipations, but am no longer able to resist the misery that overwhelms me, when she persists in keeping her place in my recollection. I do not believe in God, and am about killing myself; but before I go to throw myself in the arms of Nothing, I address myself to you, Monsieur, the object of my constant admiration, to demand, in the shape of advice, your aid and succour; and if you do not reply, I know well what I will do with myself." What heart could be stony upon receiving such an epistle? The consequence of writing it was, that most of the popularities of the country wrote to dissuade the poor suicidal Frenchman from making away with himself; and such letters, so well calculated to exhibit the peculiarities of each particular author or great personage.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"Mr. Keightley's 'Account of the Life, Opinions, and Writings of John Milton' is the exact opposite of Mr. Masson's. In its pages the poet and his writings are in sole and single possession of the foreground, his times being scarcely glanced at, his friends but incidentally mentioned. There is nothing superfluous in it, nor is anything important to be known omitted. Mr. Keightley's remarks on the Poet's opinions upon religion, philosophy, government, and education, are brief, yet pregnant with knowledge. His merits as an Editor of the Poems are not less conspicuous. He has not overlaid the text with parallel passages, like Warton, nor, like Todd, thought it necessary to explain what admitted of no doubt. The rich mosaic of Miltonic verse, indeed, requires some elucidation from classic, Italian, or native sources; but Mr. Keightley has contented himself with furnishing in most instances the germ of the phrase, the metaphor, or the image, and forborne to trace its successive phrases from Homer and the Bible to Sylvester and Fletcher. 'Duplex libelli dos est' when it thus accomplishes a purpose amply yet briefly, and Mr. Keightley has unquestionably given us one of the most elegant and useful library editions of our great Poet."—*The Edinburgh Review*.

"In Mr. Keightley's pages we have a correct, and generally a graphic, portraiture of the great scholar, partisan, and poet. His narrative consists of four distinct portions, each of them exhibiting a particular phase or era of Milton's life. Mr. Keightley is an Editor unusually competent to trace both the early and the later readings of Milton, and so largely did the Poet lay his laureate brethren of all times under contribution, that the ability to discover the pedigree of his images and expressions is no mean virtue in an Editor of his works. There is however an error of excess in this respect which Warton has committed and Mr. Keightley has avoided. . . . Mr. Keightley has not encumbered his notes with the overflows of a common-place book or the stores of a pregnant memory. The course of his own reading is well suited to a commentator on Milton. For his accomplishments as a classical scholar, his works are sufficient vouchers; but to Greek and Latin, Mr. Keightley

adds familiar acquaintance with the literature of Southern Europe and Romance, regions in which Milton's imagination expatiated, and from which he has borne off *spolia opima*. On all these accounts we can highly commend Mr. Keightley's edition of the Miltonic Poems."—*The Saturday Review*.

"In his edition of the works, Mr. Keightley has given the utmost pains to the establishment throughout of a true and clear system of punctuation. In this respect his edition is superior to all its predecessors. He has also taken care to include among his Notes indication of each use of a word in a Latin rather than an English sense, and each word of which the common significance has changed since Milton's time. The Notes are brief and very numerous, but never puerile. In the course of the three volumes we have observed several small points on which discussion might be raised, but our space only allows us to perform the duty of commending the whole work as the best and readiest guide to a thorough reading of the works of Milton that has yet been given to the public."—*The Examiner*.

"In the volumes now before us, the commentator has conveyed an amount of erudition of equal extent and depth, whilst a sound discrimination has guided him in the selection from the great mass of notes of his predecessors of all that it is really desirable to retain, and the rejection of a vast quantity of unnecessary and puerile annotation, with which previous editions are overloaded, and the addition of a large amount of new criticism, illustration, and elucidation. The plan of this edition is philosophically conceived, the Poems are arranged chronologically and divided into periods so that the reader is able to trace easily the changes in the ideas and language of the Poet, the development of his powers, and the current of his opinions. To the value of the comment is added a close attention to all the minor details of an editor's task, such as punctuation, orthography, &c. As the most complete, accurate, and useful edition of Milton we possess, it is superfluous to say that this must become the standard one in all libraries of the scholar and the student."—*Bell's Weekly Messenger*.

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.